

November, 1911. FIRST PART OF A NEW VOLUME

Price 6d.

The QUIVER





YES I'M GETTING GREYER, BUT I'M GROWING GAYER
THANKS TO

BEECHAM'S PILLS.



THE QUIVER

Mellin's

Between a *fat* baby and a *fit* baby there is often a world of difference; *fitness* should be the aim.

There is that sturdiness — virility — happy-go-lucky liveliness about the Mellin-fed child which betoken perfect health, and which augur brightly for its future.

*Sample and Valuable
Book free on receipt
of 2d. for postage.*

(Mention this Paper.
Mellin's Food Ltd.
Peckham, S.E.

Food

THE LONDON

City Missionary is a Friend in the Homes of the People, where he daily expounds the Word of God to all and sundry who are outside the Churches of this great

TY

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION of this kind is one of the best and most fruitful means of reaching the hearts of the people, and for 76 years has been the distinctive feature of the

MISSION.

**400 Missionaries
now employed.**

**FUNDS MUCH
NEEDED.**

Treasurer—
F. A. BEVAN, Esq.
Secretaries—
Rev. T. S. HUTCHINSON,
M.A.,
Rev. MARTIN ANSTLEY,
M.A., B.D.
Bankers—
BARCLAY & CO., LTD.



"THE BIBLE IN THE HOME."

Office: 3, BRIDEWELL PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

Have a
cold bone

Cold meat Monday, cold meat Tuesday, cold—why, one of these days your poor husband will expect to find cold bones on the table.

There is no need to give him cold meat *this* weather, at any rate. Make the cold, uninviting joint into a hot and tempting hash or stew with a packet of Edwards' Soup.



E.D.S

P.S. Don't worry because the price of food is rising. E.D.S. is always the same; always a penny a packet.

B.H.B. 225.

Baby ought to have Neave's Food.

Neave's Food

Sold in tins and 4d. packets.

A Perfectly Safe Food for the youngest and most delicate child, which has for nearly 90 years been the infant diet of hundreds of thousands of strong and healthy men and women.

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.
GOLD MEDALS, LONDON 1906 & 1908, ALSO PARIS.

SAMPLE TIN sent Free on receipt of two penny stamps for postage—Useful Booklet "HINTS ABOUT BABY" post free. Mention this publication.
JOSIAH R. NEAVE & Co., Fordingbridge.

For those requiring a Milk Food for Babies from Birth, Messrs. Josiah R. Neave & Co. have introduced

NEAVE'S MILK FOOD

It is free from starch, rich in fat, and very closely resembles Mothers' Milk in composition.

Instantly prepared by adding hot water only.

MEDICAL REVIEW, Nov., 1910—"When diluted with water, yields a preparation almost identical with human milk."

Sample for 2d. postage. Mention this paper.

GRAVES

This Handsome Solid Walnut Case 8-Day Regulator (No. 1251), is delivered on approval, carriage paid, to all approved orders for 20 with order and the balance by ten monthly payments of 20: if the Clock is considered entirely satisfactory. An accurate timekeeper, strikes hours and halves on a deep toned Cathedral gong. Height 28 inches. Warranted for 3 Years. Large Clock Catalogue Free. Contains the Newest Designs for Drawing Room, Hall, Kitchen, Bedroom, and all purposes. All Clocks delivered on approval for small payment with order, and monthly payments after delivery. 20-in 20 Cash Discount. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



CLOCKS

ALL BRITISH MANUFACTURE

MOLASSINE

Dog & Puppy Cakes, Hound Terrier and Puppy Foods

QUITE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS
THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED

Sold by all Game Merchants, Grocers, Butchers and
THE MOLASSINE CO. LTD.
GREENWICH, S.E. 18.
City Office: 25 Bank Lane, E.C.

THEY AID DIGESTION
KEEP DOGS HEALTHY AND THEIR COATS AND SKINS IN FINE CONDITION
ERADICATE WORMS AND ALL INTERNAL PARASITES
PREVENT DOGS FROM EMITTING UNPLEASANT ODOURS

Free from Drugs or Medicaments of any kind

MOLASSINE MEAL gives BARKER'S DIAMOND



The Imperial Typewriter

All-British-Made

61 1/2 WORDS PER MINUTE

£10

Gold Medal Brussels, 1910.



Wins for the All-British Imperial Typewriter 2nd place at the Great Competition at Grenoble, France, August 6, 1911. 60 of the world's most famous machines entered this contest, including 54 £20 American Typewriters of the best-known makes. The test was 20 minutes' copying from unfamiliar text, the IMPERIAL showing a speed capacity superior to all other machines save one, and the price of the IMPERIAL is but £10.

THE IMPERIAL IS OFFERED DIRECT TO YOU FOR £10 ON THIS CLEAR UNDERSTANDING

That after a week's trial you are satisfied that it is in every way equal to the standard machines at double the price. If it does not give you complete satisfaction the machine is to be returned and the price of it—£10—will be refunded in full.

The simple construction of the Imperial Typewriter makes it almost impossible for it to get out of order. Every part is constructed with a view to reducing difficulties of manipulation and increasing its speed capacity.

There is no stronger, no more efficient machine on the market—yet its price is only £10.

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER CO., Ltd. (Dept. R), Leicester, England.

London Representative—H. MOYA, 117, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Get an Onoto Self Filling Safety Fountain Pen

Where the Pen is a Power

Wherever much writing is done—where the pen is a power in the day's work—you find the Onoto Pen.

It is appreciated and used by all because

- It is the cleanest fountain pen, the one that cannot leak
- It saves time, filling itself in a flash from any ink supply
- It writes smoothly and speedily, never tiring wrist and hand.

Ask your dealer to show you the British made—

Price 10/6 and upwards of all stationers, jewellers, and stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to

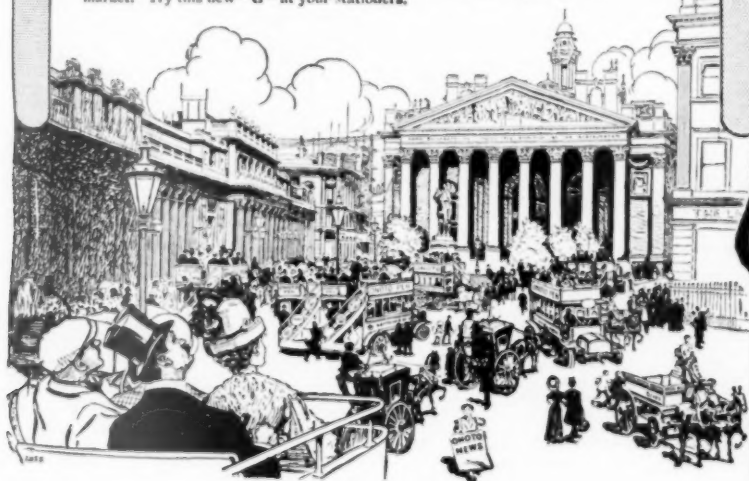
THOS. DE LA RUE & Co. LTD.,
235, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Onoto
Self-Filling - - Pen
Safety Fountain

IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new "G"—has been put on the market. Try this new "G" at your stationers.



Ask for
**ONOTO
INK**
best for
all Pens.



Alarming Results of Hair Neglect.

ROOTS CHOKED WITH SCURF, BALDNESS ENCOURAGED AND BEAUTY AND STRENGTH OF THE HAIR ABSOLUTELY DESTROYED.

"Accept the Help of Seven Days' FREE 'HAIR-DRILL' Before Too Late," Says the Great Toilet Specialist of the Day.

THE results of hair neglect are most alarming"—so says Mr. Edwards, the leading Court Toilet Specialist of the day, and inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill," regarding which he makes an extraordinary free offer to all readers this month.

Neglect of Hair Culture means ultimately the absolute loss of the hair's beauty and strength.

More than any part of your body your hair requires constant care and attention.

First, it is a most delicate and sensitive structure. This is shown by the fact that illness frequently causes all the patient's hair to fall out.

Secondly, it is situated in the most exposed part of your body and feels the full attack of the destructive genus which fill the atmosphere (especially the atmosphere of cities).

THE DANGER.

The result of neglecting to "drill" your hair daily is that deposits of scurf and greasy matter accumulate on your scalp.

Mingling with the perspiration, these deposits of scurf collect around the hair and press down into the tiny follicles (little sheaths in the skin) in which the hair grows.

Here they set up a diseased condition of the hair-growing structures and squeeze the hair-roots to death.

The first symptom is when your hair begins to split at the ends, which may happen without your being aware of it.

Then it becomes either dry and brittle, or greasy, dull and dead-looking.

The third stage in the disorder generally is that your hair begins to lose its colour and rapidly turns grey (sometimes, however, this stage is omitted owing to the hair falling out before it has had time to lose its colour).

The fourth stage is the falling out of your hair in large quantities every time you brush or comb it. If you are a man you will become either practically or totally bald. If you are a member of the fair sex your hair will become short and scanty, thin and weak, with hardly any of its former beauty left.

Dreadfully humiliating is this condition.

YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER THAN YOU OUGHT TO LOOK.

Further, you are probably tormented by an almost intolerable itching of the scalp, due to the presence of irritating, greasy matter and decaying debris in the hair follicles, while steadily your hair is getting worse; scantier, thinner and more unattractive-looking every day.

These are the results of hair-neglect.

But why hair-neglect at all?

To care for your hair properly and scientifically is so easy, and its results are so gratifying. You always wash your face and clean your teeth—why not attend to your hair?

Everybody has heard of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Over

a million men and women practise it every day from Royalty downwards.

Applied to scanty, thin hair, within a few weeks the lady or gentleman or child who uses it is the envy of the neighbourhood for his or her abundant, bright and glossy hair.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" removes scurf and prevents a re-forming. It cleanses the follicles and stimulates the roots to healthy growing action.

It banishes irritation of the scalp and makes the scalp cool, pleasant, and comfortable.

It makes the hair bright and glossy, lustrous and silken soft.

It stops hair-fall, prevents splitting at ends, and grows abundant hair over the thin places.

It greatly improves children's hair as well as the hair of men and women.

It completely cures all forms of baldness, greyness, and hair-poverty.

Yet it only takes 2 minutes a day to practise.

THE FREE TRIAL

To prove the value of Harlene "Hair-Drill" to you, Mr. Edwards will send you a complete outfit for practising it for a whole week—Free!

This Free Trial Outfit includes the following gifts for your toilet table:—

1. A large trial bottle of the world-famous Tonic Dressing for your hair—Edwards' "Harlene."

2. A large packet of the exquisite "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for cleansing the scalp, dissolving scurf

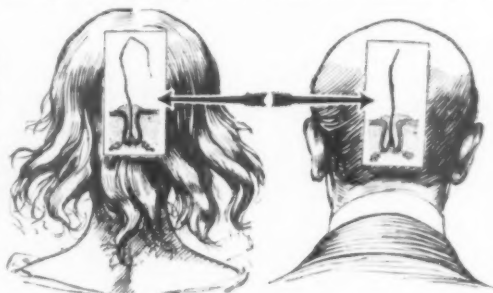
and imparting new gloss, lustre and beauty to your hair.

3. A copy of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Manual, containing full directions for practising 2 minutes daily Hair-Drill, and making your hair perfect in colour and luxuriant in growth. This Outfit is sent you FREE.

Remember that for only 1s. you get a splendidly large bottle of "Harlene for the Hair" from any Stores or Chemists (or post free from Harlene Co.).

Larger bottles still may be obtained for 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

Cremex is obtainable in the same way in 1s. boxes of seven shampoos; single powders, 2d. each.



The alarming results of neglecting to "drill" your hair are shown above. The hair is choked and strangled with accumulations of scurf and greasy matter, loses its strength, splits at the ends, and eventually falls out. All these conditions are prevented and remedied by practising Harlene "Hair-Drill" for two minutes daily. This cleanses the scalp, stimulates the hair-roots, and grows new hair on the bald and thin places. The Coupon given below entitles you to a complete outfit for practising Hair-Drill for seven days free.

FREE COUPON.

To THE EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a "Harlene Hair Drill" Gift Outfit for growing healthy hair—to last me for a free trial of seven days.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Enclose 3d. to pay postage and packing to any part of the world.

THE QUIVER, November, 1915.



BENGER'S

*IS QUITE
DISTINCT*

*FROM ANY OTHER
FOOD OBTAINABLE.*

While easy to prepare, it is distinctly not one of the "made in a moment" variety of foods. Its preparation requires a little care and takes a little time because the natural digestive principles begin the process of digestion while the food is being cooked.

Benger's Food possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk, with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion even by Infants and Invalids. Consequently it can be enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree.

Benger's Food is known and approved by all medical men.

The Proprietors of Benger's Food issue a Booklet containing much valuable information on the feeding of Infants and Invalids. A copy will be sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

B12

TATCHO—THE TRUSTY, HONEST HAIR-GROWER.

"EVIDENCE?" said Mr. Geo. R. Sims to the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

"EVIDENCE? LOOK AT MY HAIR NOW. ISN'T THAT CONVINCING EVIDENCE?"

AS all the world now knows, the Romany word "Tatcho" was appropriated by Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the famous author, playwright and journalist, as the one fitting title for his momentous discovery of the hair-grower, for the sole reason that the word *literally* means what the hair-grower *truly* and *honestly* is—that is, trusty, honest, true—words which are the biggest in the business world to-day.

Tatcho is not marketed, nor was it ever intended to be marketed, in the orthodox methods of advertised nostrums, many of which are foisted upon the public by sheer force of enormous amounts spent in pressing their claims upon the public.

Tatcho was the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims and two or three medical specialists of his acquaintance. Mr. Sims' appreciation of the tragedy wrought in many lives by premature baldness and its preliminary thinness and greyness of the hair, prompted him to publish particulars of the cure he had discovered for falling and grey hair. This public-spirited action brought down upon him so stupendous an avalanche of applications for his remedy that he was at his wits' end as to how to deal with them.

Telling the story one day to a select circle of Fleet Street Magnates, he was delighted at an unexpected deliverance from this self-imposed burden. The Fleet Street gentlemen formed a syndicate, took over Tatcho, and a grateful public has ever since been supplied with it, on terms which bring it within reach of all.

CONCERNING TATCHO'S ALLY—THE TATCHO HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH.

Ringworm and bald patches have attracted a good deal of attention lately on account both of their prevalence and also of the interesting discoveries that have been made in the natural history of the fungus to which these unsightly complaints are due. They are highly contagious complaints, and in Hotels, Clubs, Government and Public Offices, Banking and other Institutions, large numbers of people are brought together who constitute, as it were, an open field for the growth of the invading fungus. The most frequent way in which the infection is spread is by means of brushes, which are incapable of instant and thorough cleansing. The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush alone fulfils all the requirements for instant cleansing without trouble.

The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush was put upon the market about a year ago as an adjunct of Tatcho, and is now being used in over 50,000 homes. Unlike the old style hairbrush—the harbourer of masses of germs which become embedded in the bristle tufts to poison the hair every time the brush is used—you can, by simply drawing the thumb across the bristles, dislodge all injurious organisms, leaving the brush as sweetly clean as a brand new brush for further use.

Naturally, this brush was intended to be reserved for users of Tatcho, to prepare the hair for Tatcho and its beneficent work. This valuable brush is now available to all at the nominal price of 2s. (post free, 2s. 2d.), though there are those who say they would pay a guinea for it rather than return to the old style brush. If you have any difficulty in obtaining this brush from your own Chemist, write to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C., and one will be forwarded to you by returning mail.

A POCKET EDITION OF THE TATCHO HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH.

A pocket edition of the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush is now supplied, enclosed in a solid leather sheath, with an inner detachable linen guard, capable of instant sterilisation by dipping in boiling water, thus at once destroying the germs before they have an

opportunity of germinating.

In the leather case complete it can be comfortably accommodated in the pocket. The price post free from the Tatcho Laboratories is 3s. 2d.

Apart from its beneficial influence on the hair, nothing is more beneficial to the mental or physical worker than a brush with the invigorating Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

Your own Chemist or Stores will tell you all about Tatcho and the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. Tatcho is a spirituous liquid, the colour of whisky, free from all grease and smell. It is sold by Chemists and Stores in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Tatcho or the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, write to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., and a bottle or brush will be at once forwarded to you.



Mr. GEO. R. SIMS.

Help the Children!

Your aid is once more asked by the

Ragged School Union AND Shaftesbury Society

for the purpose of supplying to the hungry, crippled, and badly clothed children of London necessary comfort and uplift in life. This noble work deserves everyone's support, and contributions are now urgently needed, and should be sent to

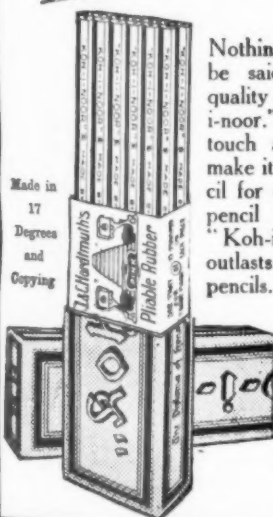
SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,

Director,

**32, John St., Theobald's Rd.,
LONDON, W.C.**

L. & C. Hardtmuth's

"KOH-I-NOOR"



Nothing too good can be said about the quality of the "Koh-i-noor." Its silken touch and durability make it the ideal pencil for every kind of pencil work. One "Koh-i-noor" easily outlasts six ordinary pencils.

4d. each or 3/6 doz.
Of Stationers, &c.,
everywhere. List
free from L. & C.
HARDTMUTH, Ltd.,
Koh-i-noor House,
Kingsway, Lon-
don. (Paris,
Brussels, Dresden,
Zurich, Milan,
Vienna, New
York.)

THE ONLY
BREATHEABLE
REMEDY.

PEPS

TO ward off the perils of uncertain weather, everyone needs the chest-strengthening medicine which is conveyed direct from a Peps tablet through the breathing tubes to the lungs. Whenever a fit of sneezing, a tickling cough, or an attack of shivering gives warning of a fresh cold take a Peps tablet from its silver wrapper and place it on the tongue.

Then certain new germ-destroying fumes will be given off and breathed with the air down the throat into the lungs. This wonderful breatheable medicine soothes the delicate air-passages, and it not only stops the cough by clearing the phlegm from the bronchial tubes, but provides the throat and chest with a perfect defence against the germs that spread coughs, colds, influenza, and even more serious chest troubles.

for
**COUGHS,
COLDS &
BRONCHITIS.**

THE DAISY VACUUM CLEANER

The modern method of house cleaning is by the "Daisy" Vacuum Cleaner, and the price at which it is sold brings it within the reach of every housewife.

ONE PERSON CAN DO THE WORK

A Daisy Cleaner is a necessity in every home, and makes a most acceptable wedding gift.



Made in all sizes. From the "BABY DAISY" at 42/- and 63/- for smaller houses, to larger sizes at 18 Gns.

Write for booklet "WHO SAID DUST?" Post Free.

THE DAISY VACUUM CLEANER CO., LTD., LEAMINGTON HILL - BIRMINGHAM.

-The Good Old Bread.-

TRY the **GERMATA** STONE-MADE BREAD

THE FAMILY BREAD.

IT CONTAINS all the essentials of A PERFECT BREAD scientifically prepared.

The GOOD OLD BREAD of our Forefathers.

TWO GOLD MEDALS IN 1910.

Promotes STRONG HEALTHY CHILDHOOD.

TRY IT.

PARTICULARS of The GERMATA MEAL CO., BEDDINGTON (Surrey).



Spots

SPOTS upon paper

SPOTS do not much matter, but upon the face, neck, arms or hands are particularly disfiguring, and should be got rid of.

Have you yet tried the "ECZOLINE" REMEDIES?

ointment - tablets - soap.

A Positive Cure for ECZEMA, SORES, etc., AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES.

We will send you a trial treatment, post paid, for 3s.

Prices separate:—Ointment, 1s. 4d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. Tablets same price. Soap, 6d. Veterinary, made for Animals, Dogs, Cats, Horses, etc., Ointment same price; Soap, 1s. per lb. A specially prepared Shaving Soap for tender skins, 9d. per stick. Send to-day to Proprietor,

W. W. HUNTER, Regent Street, Swindon, Wilts, England, or inquire of your Chemist.

USED BY ROYALTY. Undoubtedly the Best.

SEND FOR **TUCK'S** GOLDEN Leafletted CHRISTMAS CARDS
WORKS OF ART. ALL BY TUCK. 5/- LA GRANDE PRIX Pcd. for 2/6
Envelopes Included. Containing 25 Golden Versed Tuck's Xmas Cards. All lovely Leafletted Designs.

2/6 Parcel for 1/3 RECOMMENDATION 2/6 Parcel for 1/3

Each Card a Work of Art. Sent to any address in the Kingdom for a Stamp. Containing 25 Tuck's lovely Leafletted and Golden Versed Designs, all by Tuck, with envelopes, post free.

XMAS POST CARDS, beautifully designed, 15 for 1/-
BIG BOX OF TEN TOYS FOR A SHILLING.

T.B.L., King's Premises, Savoy Corner, Strand, London.

THE "ZYAPER"

Sanitary Towel stretches when the wearer stoops, like the old-fashioned diaper. To ladies who golf, ride, etc., they are an immense boon. One trial means constant use.

At all chemists, drapers, and stores, in 3 sizes, 1s., 10s. and 2s. per dozen.

Sample, with name of nearest agent, post free, on application to Lady Manager.

CUXSON, GERRARD & CO., LD., Corporation St., Birmingham.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING

Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT**. It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Doctors. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c. Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts. Sold by all Chemists, 7d., 1 1/2d., &c. per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 60, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.



A FRUIT and its FRUITFUL RESULT.

A Relic of Great Antiquity.

Circa.
B.C. 9560.

It was long supposed, as a result perhaps of false translation, that it was APPLES that tempted Eve in the Garden of Paradise. It is suggested however, that it was PEARS—not Apples.

B.C. 2398.

Later on, Noah permitted "Pairs" (Pears) *alone* to enter the Ark, there was plenty of *water* outside.—

A.D. 1415.

Then, as Shakespeare has it, King Henry V, in his famous appeal to his troops before the battle of Agincourt, used the words "SO-AP PEARS this fleet majestic." [*Vide* King Henry V. Act III—prologue.]

A.D. 1650.

In the merry days of Charles II, one PEARS was a petitioner upon the subject of the duty on soaps, which that somewhat extravagant King had found necessary, amongst other things, to furnish him with his various enjoyments.

A.D. 1789.

Another PEARS established himself in London, and a still flourishing Company under that same name was established in 1892, and now in

A.D. 1911.



is a NAME UNIVERSAL.

The Allenburys' Foods — Rusks — Diet

As easy of digestion as maternal milk and so designed as to contain its constituents in proper proportions. They give freedom from digestive ailments, and ensure vigorous health and development.

Milk Food No. 1 Milk Food No. 2
From birth to 3 mths. From 3 to 6 mths.
Malted Food No. 3
From 6 mths. upwards.

FOR INFANTS

(Malted).

A valuable addition to baby's dietary when 10 months old and after. They provide an excellent, nourishing, and appetising meal, specially useful during the troublesome time of teething. When eaten dry, they mechanically aid the cutting of teeth.

FOR CHILDREN

Taken by Nursing Mothers whose supply of milk fails to nourish their infants, the "Allenburys' Diet has proved of great assistance. It helps particularly to maintain the strength, to increase the flow of milk, to promote restful sleep, and is of value both to mother and child.

MADE IN A MINUTE—
ADD BOILING WATER ONLY.

FOR MOTHERS

Descriptive Literature and Samples free on request.

F.66. ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard Street, LONDON, E.C.



WHY PAY A GUINEA?

Put the CLEMAK side by side with the safety razor offered at a guinea. You will then see it is the equal of the other razor—and costs you 16/- less. Then why pay a guinea?

... Note how carefully the CLEMAK is made—the perfection of every detail—its beautiful finish. Look at the blade—feel its keen cutting edge—no other blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

The CLEMAK RAZOR, costing 8/6, is silver plated; it includes 7 blades and stropping handle in handsome case.

The CLEMAK STROPPING MACHINE costs you but 3/6, including a good leather strop. Its use ensures a keen blade for every shave.

The Clemak Razor and Stropping Machine costs together but 8/6. Then why pay a guinea?

OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c. CLEMAK RAZOR CO., Billiter Street, London.



CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

PREVENTS DECAY.

PROMOTES:

SWEETNESS OF BREATH.

WHITE TEETH.

PURITY OF THE MOUTH.



A perfect Dentifrice.

Combines the experience of 100 years with the most approved Sanitary Science of to-day.

In new Ivorine Boxes, 1/6

In pots 1/6 and 2/6, and

In ribbon tubes, 1/6

Jewsbury & Brown, Ardwick Green, Manchester.



The Wood-Milne Rubber Heels now being made in Jet-Black, Brown or Grey Rubber are certainly the most 'springy,' durable, comfortable, and luxurious heels ever manufactured.

Best to let the Bootmaker fix your 'Wood-Milnes.'

Sunk, as they should be, almost flush with the leather, 'Wood-Milne' Rubber Heels yield the utmost satisfaction. So fixed, 'Wood-Milne' Rubber Heels neither skid nor break away, but wear slowly, evenly, and comfortably to an honourable old age. Save your nerves, save your energy, save your pocket—wear 'Wood-Milnes.'

See the name 'Wood-Milne' on every genuine heel.



Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

Time will make your writing blacker if you use Onoto Ink.

Unlike ordinary ink, it cannot fade, but gets blacker the older the writing is.

Onoto Ink is so good because of the way it is made. Here is the science story.

The actual ink is colourless, until the colouring matter is added. But this added colouring matter is only needed to let you see what you write. The permanent and rich black colour is due to a change brought about by the air in the colourless ink, which age keeps turning blacker.

It is the clearest, cleanest ink to use—and will not corrode or spoil your pen. Ask your stationer or store for

Onoto Writing Ink (Blue-Black)
Onoto Writing Ink (Black),
Onoto Writing Ink (Red),
Onoto Copying Ink (Blue-Black)
Onoto Copying Ink (Black).

In bottles, 6d., 1/-,
1/6 and 2/- each.



Onoto Ink



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

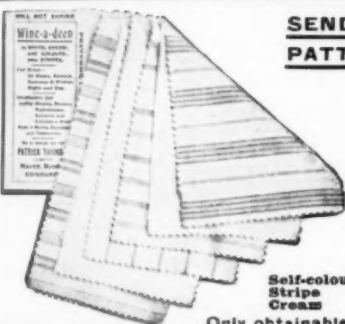
The only sure and harmless treatment that entirely destroys hair growth permanently, inexpensively, and without pain.

Ladies whose beauty is marred by unsightly hair growths have long sought for an effective and permanent treatment that will entirely supersede Electrolysis, which causes so much pain and expense, besides the uncertainty of permanent cure. The CAPILLUS MFTG. CO. wish it known that they are in possession of a marvellous home treatment that quickly and permanently removes all superfluous hair. **It goes right to the root and destroys it for ever.** The treatment does not cause the slightest pain or injury to the most delicate skin. This new method being so simple and harmless, any lady can use it in her own home without entailing the slightest inconvenience and with perfect success.

We have received thousands of testimonials from ladies testifying to the remarkable success of CAPILLUS. Hundreds of these ladies state that they have tried electrolysis, powders, lotions, and cosmetics without permanent benefit, and wish they had known of our wonderful method before.

Send no money! we want to give you positive proof of what CAPILLUS will do for you before you spend a single penny. Send your name and address to-day, enclosing stamp to pay postage, and we will forward a full description of this inexpensive home treatment, that will fully convince you of its efficacy. Don't hesitate; it will cost you nothing. Write to-day; it will be to your advantage.

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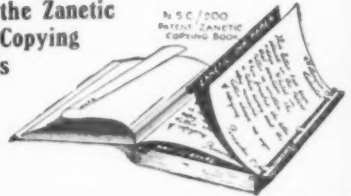
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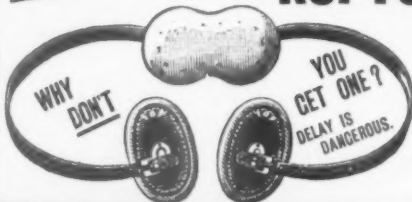
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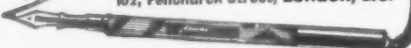
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Painted by James Clark, R.I.

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By THE EDITOR

I SHOULD like to call special attention to the announcement elsewhere in this issue of our New Competition for the winter season.

Briefly stated, I am asking readers to become for awhile the Editors of that section of THE QUIVER called "Beside the Still Waters." I want them, during the next few months, to collect short extracts from articles, sermons, books, or stories, of the same nature as those appearing month by month in this particular section.

The conditions of the Competition, together with fuller particulars, will appear in the next issue.

Meanwhile, I may mention that the First Prize will be an order for £10 worth

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Please read the particulars as they appear from time to time, and draw the attention of such of your friends as are likely to compete to them.

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1912

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J. J. BELL	REV. JAMES NEIL, M.A.
S. L. BENSUSAN	H. H. RIDDLE, M.D.
SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, M.A., M.V.O.,	MAX RITTENBERG
REV. CHARLES BROWN, D.D.	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS
BISHOP BOYD CARPENTER, D.D.	H. HALYBURTON ROSS
ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEY, M.B.	REV. G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS, M.A.
LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON	BLANCHE ST. CLAIR
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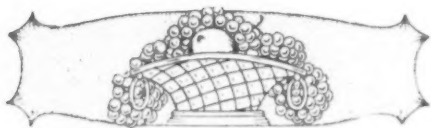
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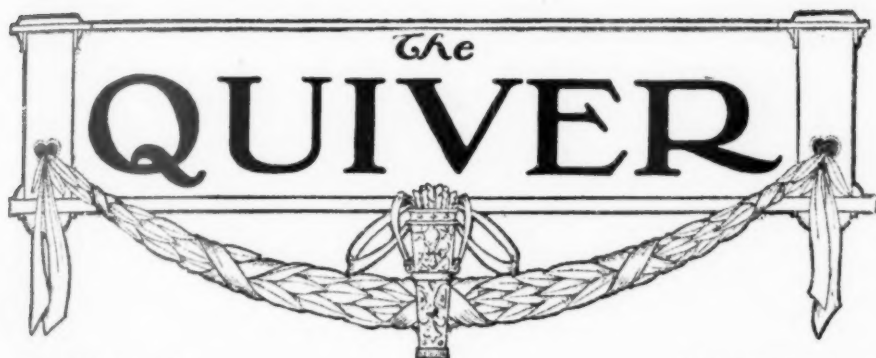
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"Sorrow and Regret had passed away. The Reign of Joy had begun."—page 7.

(Painted by James Clark, R.I.)



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The Man of No Sorrows

A Dream-Allegory

By COULSON KERNAHAN

Author of "God and the Ant," "Visions," etc.

(Illustrated by JAMES CLARK, R.I.)

I

IN a dream I saw a strange sight in our England. From all parts of the country the people flocked to the capital, where long lines of Venetian masts, pennoned and—like children joining hands in a dance—linked each to each by festoons of flowers, made of every thoroughfare an avenue of joy. Triumphant arches, gay as Hope's rainbow, spanned the streets at intervals, as the rainbow spans the sky. Flags fluttered from every pole, housetop, or vantage ground; and windows and balconies were ablaze with bunting and colour, until London, that big brown moth which has settled upon the map of England, and now stretches whirling and smoke-hued wings over what were once the green fields and valleys of the Thames, seemed suddenly transformed into a huge butterfly, poised upon the gayest flower in all the gay gardens of the land. In the great open space of Hyde Park, and apparently for some occasion of national or universal rejoicing, of which I was unaware, had been temporarily erected a circular or monster marquee of such extent that the largest army in the world

might easily have been encamped there—under, and from the highest point of the marquee floated the Royal Standard of England.

Inside this monster marquee or palace-pavilion—packed to suffocation with what seemed to me multitudinous millions of men and women—I seemed in my dream to be standing; and I saw that in the centre, on a crimson dais, was set a throne.

The dais and the throne were as yet unoccupied; but from the steps (richly carpeted, like those of an altar), which led down from the dais to the aisle of the pavilion, and thence, a third of a mile away, to the State entrance, a broad space, guarded on either side by double lines of troops, was kept clear as if for an approaching procession. Over the great concourse of expectant, pulsing, palpitating humanity, waves of excitement swept and swayed, as wind-ripples sweep a field of standing corn or virgin grass. Ever and anon the tense and waiting multitudes would bend towards each other to whisper, "He will soon be here! He is on the way. The Man of No Sorrows, the New Nazarene, the Joy-Bringer, the Life-

THE QUIVER

Giver, the true Messiah and Saviour of the world who was to come ! ”

Then, turning to one who stood next to me, I said, “ Of whom speak they ? And who is the Mes-siah and Saviour they await ? ” And, looking at me strangely, the man made answer, “ Whence come you that you are ignorant of such great happenings ? Know, then, that there has arisen, in the East, one with power to heal the sick and to raise the dead, who—albeit declaring himself to be but man and mortal as we all are—claims to be the King-Messiah of the Jews and Saviour of the world. Already he has restored to Israel the Kingdom. Already the infidel has been driven out of Palestine, and the scattered tribes of the Jews returned from every corner of the earth to their own land.”

“ And are his claims to be King-Messiah of the Jews and Saviour of the world admitted by the rulers of the earth ? ” I asked, “ and what does he here in Christian England ? ”

“ England,” was the reply, “ has for long withstood his claims. England is, in fact, the last of the powers to acknowledge him, not because England was unwilling to see Israel re-established among the nations, but because England, as a Christian nation, would not recognise one who claims to overthrow, or rather to supersede, the Christ. But in England, as elsewhere, the common people hear this New Messiah gladly, inasmuch as not only has he worked miracles innumerable, giving sight to the blind, making whole the cripple and the maimed, healing the sick and raising the dead, but because he has also promised to the people of England and to the peoples of all the earth, to make for them a new world of happiness and joy, and for ever to make an end of sorrow. Had it lain with emperors, kings, rulers, peers, and the churches this Messiah’s claim was not likely to be recognised ; but, witnessing the miracles he has worked and listening to his promise, the people of all lands have cried out :

“ Shall we, on hearsay, believe in One who, two thousand years ago, is said to have worked miracles, of which we have no proof, and reject one who to-day performs these and greater miracles within sight of all ? If we reject the testimony of this man, then did the Jews rightly in

rejecting the testimony of the Christ.’ And because these are democratic days, and because it was the will of the people that he be recognised as King-Messiah of the Jews and the World’s Saviour which was to come, first one and then another Governor of Christendom yielded to the wishes of the people ; and now, last of all, they who govern England are in like manner compelled to comply with popular clamour and to the people’s will. To-day and in this place our own Boy-King will, at the advice of his Ministers, publicly recognise the Man of No Sorrows as his spiritual Over-Lord, the World’s Saviour, and the rightful ruler of the newly constituted Kingdom of Palestine.”

“ What manner of man, then,” I asked, “ is this New Messiah ? ”

“ In feature and in the greater swarthinness of skin,” was the answer, “ he more nearly resembles the Arab or the Egyptian than the Jew, which is perhaps the reason why those who reject his claims assert that he is no true Messiah of the Jews, but an adventurer, born not in Palestine but in Arabia, and of Egyptian parents. ’Tis said that he has rediscovered the lost magic of his Egyptian ancestors, and that it is by virtue of this magic he performs miracles.”

“ And his appearance ? ” I asked.

“ In appearance,” came the answer, “ he bears the most extraordinary likeness, save that he is darker of skin, to the pictures of Our Lord. This likeness is accentuated by the fact that he wears the dress of the Arab of to-day, which dress is not greatly different from the garment worn in ancient Palestine, and so by the Christ. This difference there is, however, that while the Man of Sorrows was poorly arrayed, the Man of No Sorrows wears robes of the finest linen, richly brodered and sewn with precious stones and pearls. Soon you shall see and hear him for yourself. Him all the kings and rulers of the earth, save only our own and the Vicar of Rome, have acknowledged, and him to-day our own Boy-King, seated on yonder throne, will publicly, in the sight of his subjects, welcome to England. Hark, I hear the cannon which herald his approach.”

As the man spoke the gaily striped tenting which was stretched over the vast framework of the pavilion suddenly



"In England, as elsewhere, the common people hear this New Messiah gladly."

THE QUIVER

trembled, as quiver and tremble forest leaves before the first breath of an on-coming storm. For a moment the canvas sagged and hung loosely, as sags a ship's sails when the wind drops. The next instant it swelled and rose as rises a woman's bosom at the intaking of breath. There was the deep, low rumbling of distant guns, drowned almost instantly by a mighty roar of voices that was like the roar of many waters. A wind seemed suddenly to spring up from outside and the packed million inside the pavilion sprang to their feet, white and trembling in awe, or flushed with eager joy. Outside the multitudinous tumult increased. As the doors of the pavilion were suddenly flung open to the advancing procession, a great wind swept up the aisles, and the blare of many trumpets smote like a blow upon the ears. And again the cry went up, "He comes! He comes! The Bringer of Joy, the Slayer of Sorrow! 'Tis he! The Saviour comes!"

First in the procession, alone, unattended, and bare-headed, with sandals on his feet, and clad in a robe of royal purple, brodered with precious stones and pearls, walked he who claimed to be the Messiah of the Jews and Saviour of the world. Behind him, at a distance—dwarfed by comparison into beings of another race, pigmy and mean—followed many of the great of the earth and of the nation, our own Boy-King, white and trembling, in the forefront.

I saw but the side face of the Messiah as he passed; but suddenly some strange and mesmeric spell came over me. From the world's history two scores of centuries rolled away. I was an Englishman no longer, but a Jew at the Gate of Jerusalem and one of many who spread their garments in the way or cut down branches from the trees to strew before him unto whom all bowed down, crying out, "Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the Highest."

Save for his great height, the likeness to the Man of Sorrows was so extraordinary, and so extraordinary the spell he cast over all, that had he but claimed to be Jesus of Nazareth, instead of one who came to supersede the Saviour, the spell had been complete, and I too had

fallen before him in worship and love, to cry out "My Lord and my God!"

The effort to resist that impulse turned me faint; a mist swam before my eyes, and for a space I saw and heard no more of what was happening. How long I remained thus I do not know; but, when my faint had passed, the Man of No Sorrows was standing upon the dais, with his back to the people and facing the seated King. What the Boy-Ruler had said to him or to the multitude, what ceremonial of welcome and acknowledgment had been enacted, I did not know, but bowing low to the monarch, who motioned him to be seated at his side, the Messiah obeyed. For a space the two talked together. Then I gathered that the Man of No Sorrows was craving permission to speak to the people, for, rising, he again made obeisance to the young ruler of England, and standing at the right hand of the throne, turned to face the multitude. Save, as has been said, for the greater swarthinness of skin and the towering height, it was the Saviour of the World come again into the world who stood before us; and instinctively, as it were, and against my will, I fell upon my knees, as had fallen that immense multitude. I strove to rise, but some power outside myself held me down. With hair parted between wide white brows and falling upon his shoulders; eyes that seemed to me the home of the stored lightnings, drawn thither from stormy skies—here was one who was not merely a monarch among men, but one surely who was more than man.

In a voice low and musical as the soft falling of summer rain, yet heard of all, the Man of No Sorrows spoke.

II

HE told of his earlier years—of the boyhood days when his heart had yearned towards his people and their fallen fortunes, even as One who came before him had yearned over Jerusalem. He told how, dreaming himself out into the sunset, he had stood even as Moses stood upon Pisgah, and had seen afar the Promised Land of his fathers, the Palestine that was to be—her palaces and her

THE MAN OF NO SORROWS

temples rebuilt, her scattered tribes regathered, her prosperity restored, the invader and the infidel driven out, and Israel, under her own King of the tribe of David and Judah—proud in her place as one of the great powers of the East. He told how as a young man, in seasons of midnight waking and twilight watching, he had seen the vision widen, until nothing could content him but that he might be not only the deliverer of his own people, but the Saviour of all people in the world; how he had wrestled with God in prayer, until, in response to his prayer, strange powers of healing had come. How not content with this he had continued in vigil and fast, until at last—even as the walls of Jericho fell before the trumpet blast of God's prophet—so the walls of that strange, impregnable citadel wherein man's ancient unseen and mysterious enemy Death has in security so long entrenched himself weakened and fell away under the assault; and that to him the Messiah was entrusted the power, not only to heal the sick, but to raise the dead.

Ceasing to speak of himself, he now made direct appeal to the people.

"Beloved," he said, "for two thousand years you have grievously erred in your thought of God. You have spoken of Him as suffering; you have pictured Him as sorrowing over humanity, forgetting that for God to sorrow would be for Him to renounce His own omnipotence.

"Sorrow and regret are the outcome of erring and finite nature. In the heart of Infinite and Omnipotent God, sorrow and regret are not and can never be. God is Love, God is Light, God is Gladness, God is Glory, God is Joy, and because God is all this, and more, He would have all men to be glad and joyful even as He. To sorrow is to sin against our fellow-men, and to be guilty of black ingratitude to the Giver of All.

"Yet has man so sinned from the first, and it is that man shall so sin no more, and to make an end of woe, that I am come."

The Man of No Sorrows paused and swept that great assembly with burning eyes. His voice, which had been low and pleading, suddenly deepened. Into

his face came something of the splendour of stormy skies. He flung forth his next words challengewise and like an unexpected bugle call to battle, heard at midnight by an army encamped under the stars.

"Beloved," he said, "at the turning point of the world's history, when Israel was looking for its Messiah and mankind for their Saviour, came One to Whom was entrusted power like unto mine. Against that One, Who in the awful and transparent purity of His spirit, the passionate love of humanity that consumed Him, the supreme self-sacrifice and surrender of self, and the spotless sinlessness and beauty of His life and death, stands aloof and alone in the history of the world, and has set an ideal and an example that are scarcely attainable by one who is not more than man—against Him God forb'd that I should entertain or breathe an unloving thought. His is to me a name so linked with all that is sacred, that I must needs pause before and after I speak it, that no less hallowed a name be neighbour to that name on my lips—the holy and adored name of . . .

"JESUS

. . . Who was called the Christ."

As with intensest and passionate reverence the Man of No Sorrows spoke that sacred name, the great marquee with its garish colouring, its gaping crowds, became suddenly transformed as it were into the Temple of the Most High; and in the awful silence which followed, one seemed to feel the pent-up breath of worshippers holding back their sobs. Struggling with some strange emotion the Man of No Sorrows spoke again, and upon his face was a light like that of one who has looked upon the face of God.

"Beloved," he said brokenly, "if I bid you to turn aside from the path those bleeding feet have trod, if I bid you to forget one lesson at least of that unparalleled and beautiful life, it is in poignant anguish of soul that I do so, and only because I believe that I am so charged of God. For Him of whom I speak . . . Jesus . . . who was called the Christ—was indeed God's messenger, God's Visible Presence here on earth, yet none the less, by misreading that message, and misrepresenting the Will of God, He has



"Unseen bells overhead broke out in a rippling of joy . . . little child-angels of heaven . . . tumbling the one over the other . . . and scrambling in haste to reach Old Earth."

THE MAN OF NO SORROWS

misled and wronged humanity to its undoing. Lonely even as a boy, He withdrew Himself from his fellows and sought only the company of His elders and the wise. Lonelier still as a man, friendless—or so far removed in spirit from His friends that He and they were creatures from different worlds—wifeless, childless, misunderstood and wedded to sorrow as to a bride, He brooded so long over the sin and sadness of the world, over His own tragic destiny, His coming betrayal and death, and man's doom, that Sorrow seemed to Him the Truth of Truths, the Alpha and the Omega of human life, the beginning, the outcome and the end of all. Wherefore to a world that was already wounded and bleeding to death by reason of sorrow, He proclaimed that only by sorrow can perfection come. Wherefore He who was sent, to make known to all God's glad gospel of Love and Joy, set up instead the worship of Sorrow, and so bequeathed to the men and women He came to save a heritage of Eternal Woe. That woe, that sorrow I come for ever to take away. The burden of the Cross I lift for ever from your shoulders, the shadow of the Cross I banish for ever from your sight. Here and to-day we take an eternal farewell of the Religion of Sorrows. Beloved, a God is dying in this hour. Let us for the last time reverently kneel to do homage to One Who, if He sought to be human y's Saviour—and failed, yet failed not greatly, and even in failing, has for two thousand years won and held humanity's worship and love.

" . . . Jesus . . . to Thee in this the hour which proclaims Thy failure, and Thy dethronement, and when Thou dost pass out, defeated and deposed, from the place Thou hast held in our hearts—to Thee for the last time we kneel in lowly reverence. If from this hour Thee we cease to worship, Thee at least we can never cease to love."

As he so spoke the Man of No Sorrows

kneelt in prayer, and from the worshippers rose a woman's anguished cry—"By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost. . . ." She paused, and from the lips of the kneeling worshippers was compelled the anguished cry—

"Good Lord, deliver us!"

For the moment the vast assembly was as one creature in the death-throes. A million bosoms heaved in one sob. For a space silence, awful and vibrating, settled over all. Then, as a tear-drop falls from the eyes of a mourner bending for the last time over the face of her loved dead, so, from an unseen belfry, there fell the sudden and reverberant note of the passing bell followed by the far-off booming of a gun. Again for a space there was silence, tense and terrible.

Then, suddenly—as if a huge hand had swept at one stroke the whole gamut of all glad sound—unseen bells overhead broke out in a rippling pæan of joy. It was as if there had been swinging, 'twixt earth and sky, a thousand chains of silver bells, down which all the little child-angels of heaven—home-sick for a sight of the green fields of earth, and for the prattle of baby-playmates—had craved permission to clamber; and as if, down the merry chain-ladders of music, and tumbling the one over the other, the little revellers were sliding and scrambling in haste to reach Old Earth. And out in the park, like the first lark-song heralding the morn, a thousand bugles carolled the reveillé, the dull thud of a hundred guns booming a deep and harmonious bass to the dancing tenor of bugles and bells. And over that multitudinous assembly, stained almost beyond endurance by the intensity of the final and passionate farewell, a great reaction of feeling swept like an engulfing wave.

Sorrow and Regret had passed away. The Reign of Joy had begun.

[What follows the establishment of the Reign of Joy is given in the completion of Mr. Kerahan's remarkable dream-parable in my next number; slowly, but convincingly, we see the inevitable consequences of the banishment of Sorrow and Suffering; ending in a scene of thrilling pathos where the ways of God are tremendously vindicated.—ED.]

What is Wrong with Our Preaching?

A Remarkable Symposium, by the Bishop of Durham, Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., Sir Walter Runciman, Mr. John Oxenham, Mr. J. A. Steuart, Sir J. Compton-Rickett, M.P., &c.

Collected by A. B. COOPER

DAVID GARRICK'S reputed reply to a Bishop: "We players act fiction as if it were the truth, whilst you preachers too often preach the truth as though it were fiction," may have reached posterity more by its smartness than its truth, yet it would seem that to-day, at any rate, there is a lack in our pulpits the nature of which it is hard to determine. The people who sit in the pews have to admit that, whether the fault be theirs or the preacher's, the sermons of to-day fail to move them as they used to do. Is it the fault of the preacher or of the hearer? Is there indeed something wrong with our preaching? Have our preachers lost that splendid forth-rightness, intense fervour and deep conviction which used to make our hearts burn within us? Do not our preachers fail to impress us with the old sense of the supreme importance and urgency of the message they are delivering?

All the churches are bewailing their comparative failure to attract the masses of the people, and membership is either declining or, at best, the increase is discouraging. Is the reason to be sought in loss of power in the pulpit, and, if so, what is wrong with our preaching, and how can it again be restored to its place of power as the foremost means of spiritual awakening?

This is a great question, and feeling it to be so urgent, of so vast an importance to the future of religion, and, therefore, to

the future of the world, I wrote to a number of representative men asking them to give me their opinion upon the question, "What is Wrong with our Preaching?" The result is not only deeply interesting, but it may prove a real contribution to the solution of a question which is troubling the minds of all serious people.

Most of my correspondents have felt impelled not only to speak to the exact question propounded, but also to deal with the growing disregard of public worship which has marked especially the first decade of the twentieth century; and, as the two questions are so interlocked and interlaced, it is impossible to blame them.

The Bishop of Durham

The saintly and greatly beloved Bishop of Durham writes: "I should like to reply in some detail to your question about the pulpit, but hard and ceaseless work forbids it.

"It must be enough to say that in my opinion the pulpit suffers from the decay

of power complained of mainly because preachers, even the most earnest, too often preach about 'problems' rather than set forth Christ in His glory, love, and saving power. It is *that* which still, as truly as ever, makes our people (certainly our northern people) listen with all their hearts, if only they see that the message has first passed through the preacher's own heart, and that *he knows*.

"No fear of monotony! Christ is for



(Photo, C. Vandyt.)

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR PREACHING?



(Photo. Leonard Baines.)
MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P.

ever one in Himself and in His work. But in application to man He is infinite."

A "Son of the People"

After the Bishop I am tempted to put Mr. Will Crooks, M.P. That stalwart "Son of the People," so far from losing his sympathy for his own class by reason of his

success, seems year by year to get closer into touch with the problems which they represent. His answer to my question is piquant and characteristic. He writes:

"I think it is a trifle unfair of a public man to criticise other public men for their lack of drawing capacity, but I am sure that a little more human activity among the flock and a great deal less of superior style would help parsons in their preaching immensely. Let them think less of themselves and more of those to whom they are preaching, and let them recognise the need of practical sympathy and brotherly feeling in sermons, and they will not lack for hearers.

"What is wanted is not a kind of 'Alone I am able to combat sin,' but rather 'You and I, my Sisters and Brothers, must help each other to bear the burdens and temptations of life.' Perhaps some preachers look on the whole thing as a job to be got through somehow, but I think in most cases it is that they seem to forget that homeliness may appeal as well as more polished utterances."

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trend of things. Scholar, poet, man of letters though he is, he is deeply interested in the social problem; and his letter is interesting also because it differs from the point of view taken by the Bishop and Member of Parliament, although the last paragraph comes into their field of view. Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson writes as follows:

"Your question is an interesting one, but it would take a whole essay to answer it satisfactorily. I would ask first whether there is any real evidence that popular interest in preaching has declined. I should have thought it was all the other way. Purely formal attendance at church may have declined, but I do not think that this is a proof that vital interest in religion has declined; my own belief is that far more people are interested in religious problems now than formerly.

"Nor do I think that sermons have deteriorated. My experience is just the reverse. The supply is perhaps not equal to the demand. The other day, in a country church, I heard on two successive Sundays, two sermons from a young curate which in form, language, and thought were really beautiful and impressive utterances.

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THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR PREACHING?



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(Photo C. Vandolph.)

MR. A. C. BENSON

THE QUIVER

ethically, morally, and religiously, sermons could have (and do have) a great and inspiring effect. The difficulty, no doubt, especially with settled resident congregations, is that it is hard to crusade against moral faults without seeming to be personal, and I think that the identification of religious with social respectability is the one factor which weakens its effectiveness for good, because it tends to make preachers too amiable and too cautious."

Prebendary Webb-Peploe

Prebendary Webb-Peploe needs no introduction to the readers of THE QUIVER.

He is *persona grata* wherever spirituality and humility of spirit are regarded as the chiefest graces which can adorn a man. His letter is characteristic. He writes: "On all hands one hears the sad complaint that congregations are going down and that Church life is becoming more and more depressed. Of course the fault will be traced by many to the clergy, and it

will be said, with a certain amount of truth, that sermons are not now carefully prepared as they were in former days, nor are they as full of guiding truth for the people as in times past when the clergy were better trained and informed than their congregations, and the people had comparatively few books to read. To-day there is superabundant literature of every kind and for all classes of people, without measure, of trained and untrained minds. This fact accounts, I believe, for the abstention of many from the public services in the Church.

"But there is also another patent cause, which can hardly be traced to the clergy as one of their faults, viz.: the rush and bustle and excitement of life which are exhibited in every class of society, and

which have led people without good reason to say that they must spend Sunday in recuperating their strength by rest, or taking physical exercise, and travelling long distances, etc., in order to be ready for Monday's work.

"No greater self-deception or absurdity could be proposed, as common sense can prove that such journeys, exercises, etc., as people now take must rather injure than conduce to health. It is simply a part of the abnormal excitement which pervades every single department of life. It may be that in God's providence there will be a reaction, and that people will learn that they cannot abuse the divine ordinances, either spiritual or physical, without incurring the penalties that are attached to such action."

Mr. G. W. E. Russell

Another scholar and littérateur, Mr.

George W. E. Russell, is singularly in agreement with Mr. A. C. Benson, for he writes: "I see no reason to believe that the power of preaching has declined. At St. Paul's Cathedral, at Westminster Abbey, at St. Alban's, Holborn, at St. Paul's Knightsbridge, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, at

St. John's, Westminster, at The Ascension, Lavender Hill—to name only churches with which I am familiar—the congregations are even uncomfortably large, and the interest in the sermon seems as keen as ever.

"At the same time, I rejoice that churchpeople are every year more fully recognising that preaching is a ministry distinct from, and auxiliary to, worship; and that the prime use of Sunday is not the hearing of sermons, but the worship of our Lord in 'The Breaking of the Bread,' commonly called the Holy Communion."



(Photo. H. S. Mendelsohn, D.L.S.)
PREBENDARY WEBB-PEPLOE.



THE RIGHT HON. G. W. E.
RUSSELL.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR PREACHING?

From the People's Standpoint

Mr. Frank T. Bullen is another "Son of the People." One has only to read his "The Log of a Sea-Waif" to learn the pit out of which he was dug; and it will be seen at once that his opinion largely coincides with that of Mr. Will Crooks. They see the question from the same point of view. Mr. Bullen writes: "The spread of education has undoubtedly tended to lessen the effect of the preacher's words from the pulpit. It has made his hearers much more critical, and it remains true, whether we desire to admit it or not, that the heart is most deeply touched when the critical faculty is entirely quiescent and inoperative. But this is not the only effect of popular education. It is calculated, in its present state of development, rather to tend to intellectual conceit, and that again is distinctly inimical to the preacher, who needs for his full effect a waiting and receptive head and mind.

"There is, however, another and more serious aspect of this question, and that is the existence of different types and degrees of disbelief in the message on the part of the preacher himself. The old foundations have been so bored and excavated in order to prove what they are made of, and to see what they hide, or to discover whether there is a still older foundation underneath, that a certain uncertainty and a definite lack of definition has been the result, and this undoubtedly peers through the texture and weakens the force of sermons enormously.

"Then there is the detachment of many sermons from the life of the people which causes them to be regarded merely as an intellectual effort, a sort of glorified essay, something upon which the preacher has spent a good

deal of time and patience as a composition, but into which he has put very little of his heart. Finding it without any effect upon life or morals, as far as they are concerned, they remain uninterested, untouched, and finally, they think they can do quite as well without sermons at all.

"Yet, when I have said these things, I am sure that what the Founder of Christianity would have rejoiced in, the love of well-doing for its own sake, the love of one's fellows and even animals, the passion for others, apart altogether from a mercenary religion or the efforts of religious mercenaries, was never greater than it is now."



(Photo. H. S. Mendelsohn, Ltd.)

MR. FRANK T. BULLEN.

Sir Walter Runciman's Views

Sir Walter Runciman, Bt., whose son is President of the Board of Education in the present Government, sent a thoroughly trenchant reply to my questions. "First, the selection of ministers," he says, "is more often than not made without any regard to fitness. Nature may have intended them for some physical or even negative position, but their parents' and their own ambition is the Pulpit; so they are fashioned (as far as it is possible to fashion a person who may have no qualification whatever) to fill that envied position.

"Then there is the noisy, mischievous, political, demagogue parson, whose frothy eloquence is intended for applause. He is merely a squasher of all spiritual life within reach of him. The Spirit won't come near where he is. Whoever heard of any one of this section of immortal renown having souls saved under *their* ministry? Their dispositions are uneasy, they slash and hack at everybody and everything, their whole attitude being quite un-Christlike, and this is the kind of being that helps



(Photo. Baines.)

SIR WALTER RUNCIMAN, BT.

THE QUIVER

to empty the churches and secularise the people.

"The ideal of a preacher should be suitable culture, common sense, control over his eloquence (no frothy denunciations), magnetic force, and the gift of a spiritual fascination, and sufficient real native wit to make his personality attractive.

"More often than not ministers bore their congregations into the street by drawing out long rigmaroles of theology and other pretty negatives, instead of keeping in touch with and being guided by that mysterious power which they flipantly call the Spirit of God. Some ministers and also congregations, patronise the Deity in a most astounding way, and just as when communities run against natural forces and get a rebuff, so the Spirit hovers round affected spots ready to come in on His own natural conditions but on none other.

"Then, again, the spiritual work of ministers is sorely affected by casting upon them the obligation of liquidating debts that never ought to have been incurred, and which would be vigorously denounced as immoral if they were created by any commercial firm or individual. You cannot get the best out of a minister if you turn him into a money collector.

It is just as easy for them to lose any spiritual power that may be given to them, as it is any member of the lay community.

"The Church cannot play a double game of fraternising with that which has no resemblance to Christianity, and expect to retain her rectitude unsmearred. There are natural laws which govern all forces, whether spiritual or secular, and it is when these are violated that the canker begins."

Two Popular Novelists

The opinions of two extremely popular novelists will be read with deep interest. Both Mr. J. A. Steuart and Mr. John Oxenham are preachers as well as novelists

—that is to say, they have a message to deliver as well as a story to tell, and they accept their task seriously. Nevertheless, no one can complain of the dullness of their sermons, for if anyone wishes to read a fascinating book let him read Mr. Steuart's "The Minister of State" or Mr. Oxenham's "Carette of Sark."

Mr. John Alexander Steuart writes: "The causes of the decline in church-going are many and complicated, but the most obvious may be specified thus:

"1. The inadequate equipment of the average preacher. There was a time when the pulpit spoke to the pew with all the authority of superior enlightenment. That is no longer the case. Even in theology the ordinary minister is ill-trained, conventional, and antiquated: while his general culture is 'conspicuous by its absence.'

"2. A conviction on the part of the working classes that churches are designed as places of resort for the well-dressed alone. It cannot be said this conviction is groundless; and if the masses are to be captured the churches must show a little more plainly their sense of the fact that even poor men have souls to save.

"3. The passion for pleasure and the increasing means of gratifying it. This is a big subject, and for its

adequate discussion a volume would be necessary; but its bearing on church attendance is manifest."

Mr. John Oxenham writes: "You ask a vast and disturbing question, one that is causing much searching of hearts among those who still retain the faculty of thinking of anything beyond their own pleasures and the means of increasing them.

"It is painfully evident that the paramount demands of the majority of all classes are for pleasure, and for money as the means thereto. Such ends and such means, and their interaction one upon the other, account for most of what we have to deplore in the present state of things.

"The pace has got so fast all round that



(Photo. H. S. Mendelsohn, Ltd.)

MR. J. A. STEUART.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR PREACHING?

human nature cries out for relaxation in ever-increasing measure. It is the age of 'hustle'—hateful word for hateful state—and 'hustle' thinks only of itself and its own various satisfactions in the speediest and amplest way possible.



(Photo. C. Tangle.)

SIR J. COMPTON-RICKETT, M.P., D.L.

"For years past there has been a steady laxing of the national fibre—spiritual, moral, mental. Men care for none of these things. They want pleasure and money, money and pleasure. Ethics, social and business, are lower to-day than thirty years ago. In both men will

do to-day what their fathers would never have dreamed of doing. Pharisaism and dissension inside the churches offer those outside ample grounds for keeping out.

"Men no longer think for themselves—only of themselves. They want their thinking done for them, and swallow conclusions as a baby its milk. For some the headlines of the papers suffice, and for some even the contents bill.

"This indifference of the pew—whether half-occupied or empty—cannot but have its effect on the pulpit. Flabby congregation, flabby preacher. Could any man speak to a gathering of jelly-fish as he could to, say, a company of bright-eyed colliers?

"If there is any fault in the pulpit it is perhaps that it appeals too much to the head and too little to the heart, overlooking the fact that the pew no longer thinks deeply but will not cease to feel until it is dead. And the fault in the pew—more especially of those who ought to be in it but are not—is that it has given up thinking—except of its own amusements and the means of obtaining them, by hook or by crook.

"And the cure for it all? That is beyond me. What we need is a national return

to higher aims and simpler ways. But how these are to be brought about I cannot tell. Possibly by the whip—by national disaster, and thereby and thereafter a moral, mental and spiritual renaissance. Possibly as in the past, by the uprising of some great, magnetic, white-fired soul or souls, who shall win a hearing even from deaf ears and draw men after them to nobler ways.

"That it may be soon we must all devoutly hope and pray. For if the present flux continues, Britain, in spite of all her brave outward show of prosperity and power, must inevitably in the end go the way of all those others who 'forgot' and bent their souls wholly to material things."

Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M.P.

Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M.P., will be heard on this subject with deep respect.

His opinion is tersely expressed as follows: "I am not disposed to make the pulpit of the day answerable for church deficiencies. The style and quality of preaching are largely reflections of the position of the laity, and both are permeated by the intellectual atmosphere of the time. So far as thought, research, and literary expression are concerned, I doubt whether the ordinary level of preaching has ever been higher, but its practical effect has declined. This is due to a change in the character of the message. Speaking broadly, there is no longer apprehension of danger in the mind of the preacher or of the audience. The note is persuasive, argumentative or meditative. Salvation is more a question of the comparative health of the soul and body than a deliverance from a doom which darkens



(Photo. Reginald Haines.)

MR. JOHN OXENHAM.

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like a thunder cloud upon the impenitent or indifferent. The ministry of souls has resolved itself into comfort and courage administered to fellow-voyagers on a vessel travelling across chartless seas into the mysteries of the unknown. Even though the terminology of the older Faith is preserved, a sense of doubt and insecurity hides behind the brave words. Lacking leadership, men occupy with the actualities of life those moments of leisure which might be devoted to spiritual things. I am not presuming to censure, still less to propound a remedy in a paragraph; but I am endeavouring to state the situation as I believe it to be."

Professor Knight

Seeing that Professor Knight was born so long ago as the year 1836, and was himself the son of a Scottish minister, and that he probably heard all the greater preachers of the latter half of the nineteenth century, his admirably weighed opinions may fittingly bring this discussion to a close as far as this magazine is concerned. It is devoutly to be hoped, however, that the questions here raised will not be allowed to drop into the background again for lack of interest in the answer, for it is an axiom in medicine, government and morals, as well as many other things, that the discovery of the cause of an evil is a very big step taken in the direction of its cure.

Professor Knight writes: "You ask me to contribute to a symposium on 'What is wrong with our Preaching?' It is difficult to do so without being misunderstood, and also without 'giving offence' to many excellent men and women; but there is no doubt as to the fact that the Christian pulpit in England has lost much of its ancient power over the most thoughtful and reverent spirits of our age. Many

of the devoutest worshippers would be glad to escape from church at the close of the sacred service, without listening to what they feel is an irrelevant or superfluous 'sermon.'

"It is not so much the want of learning, or expository tact, or even the obtrusion of trivialities instead of essentials, that leads many to listen languidly, or to cease listening altogether. It is the distasteful egoism (if not egotism) which is so abundant in the discourses of the mediocre pulpit. The preachers do not forget themselves, and realise that they are merely the heralds of One the latchet of whose shoes they are not worthy to unloose; that their supreme mission is to be voices crying in the wilderness of human nature, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert of your hearts an highway for our God.' If they would modestly, in a ten minutes' talk, deal with the everyday wants of the human soul, its perplexities and its longings, its hopes and aspirations, and with the untold possibilities for all men and women to 'rise on the stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher

things,' their influence would be doubled and would resemble that which their predecessors wielded two or three generations ago.

"What is perhaps most of all needed nowadays, to restore to our modern pulpit the old power, the forceful influence, and the helpful strength of days departed, is a return to simplicity, intense reality, directness, clearness, practicality of aim, the self-forgetful heroism of the apostle and the herald, who is contented with a life of service to others, and rejoices in it while he himself is forgotten or ignored."



(Photo: Pictorial Agency)

PROF. W. ANGUS KNIGHT, LL.D.



Our New Serial Story

Four Gates

By AMY LE FEUVRE

AUTHOR OF "A COUNTRY CORNER," "BRIDGET'S QUARTER DECK," ETC.

*"On the East three gates; on the North three gates;
on the South three gates; and on the West three gates."*

(Illustrated by WAL PAGET)

CHAPTER I

FOUR LIVES

"Who would be planted chooseth not the soil
Or here or there,
Or loam or peat,
Wherein he best may grow,
And bring forth guerdon of the planter's toil.

"Lord, even so
I ask one prayer,
The which if it be granted—
It skills not where
Thou plantest me—
Only—I would be planted."

J. G. BROWN.

"PAULINE, do you honestly like being
in a backwater?"

"Backwaters have their uses."

"That is not an answer."

"I think I regard it as a halting-place—a
wayside station on life's railroad."

"But that is just what it isn't. It comes
from nowhere, and leads to nowhere. And
I stamp and I fume at the stagnation!"

"You are an impetuous spirit! Perhaps,
later on, you will look back to these quiet,
sweet days, and long to experience them
again."

"I don't say that I shouldn't enjoy it at
the end of my life, when I have been in all
the stir and rush; when I have had my
good time and can sit in an easy chair and
look back at it all."

"Then you should have sympathy with
your father."

"Oh, I have. From his point of view,
his lines have fallen to him in pleasant
places. But I am at the beginning of my
life. I think everyone ought to be in towns
when they are young and retire into the
country when they are old. Of course, it is
delightful when you have money; then you
can have both in your life. But with a

small purse, if you live the first half of
your life in the country, and only get
release from it when you are old, then you
are too old to enjoy your liberty. Oppor-
tunities are gone; your talents are rusted,
your ignorance of the world is ridiculous!"

"Why, Audrey dear, you are getting quite
excited!"

"I am—I feel so. Do say you agree with
me. You must if you think it out. Look at
us in this village. Here are four young
women, not poor enough to earn their
living, but not rich enough to satisfy their
mental needs. One, Pauline Erskine, de-
votes herself to an invalid mother, and
never leaves home for a single night. Don't
interrupt me. She might, as your old Mary
would say, 'grace a castle,' with her dignity
and beauty; she once had a longing for an
artistic life, but it has been stifled; she
did go to London for three weeks when
she was quite young, and she has lived on
the memory of it ever since. She pretends
her life satisfies her, but I know it doesn't.
Then there is Honor Broughton, who is
nursery governess to her three small step-
sisters; her whole world is centred in this
backwater; she can never talk of anyone but
her immediate neighbours, and the iniqui-
ties of her mother's servants. Amabel
Osborne is a most dutiful daughter, of
course, and is always the picture of happy
content; but she confesses that reading a
newspaper to her father is the most un-
interesting part of her day's work. She has
never worked her brains, and never will.
Picking flowers in the garden, and listening
to a lark's song, and roaming across butter-
cup meadows are her highest pleasures."

"And Audrey Hume—"

"Oh, she's just another, with a passion
for reading, but can get no books worth the
name of books, and a passion for novelty

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and change, and has never been twelve miles out of this backwater all her life. Talk about the revolt of women, and the era of independent women—what do we understand by such terms? There are no stronger chains than those of affection and blood, and we are all tied to those who are old and weak and helpless, and who are our beloved belongings!"

Quick tears sprang to the young girl's eyes as she turned to her friend for sympathy.

Pauline looked at her, then gazed over the peaceful landscape in front of them with a wistful smile.

They were both leaning over a gate as they talked. It was a buttercup meadow in front of them, and young lambs were at play in it. The soft spring air, with the thrill of youth and expectancy in it, had got into Audrey's veins. She was quivering all over with excitement and feeling, and her dark grey eyes were flashing with a thousand lights and sparkles. Slim and of the average height, with a broad, low brow, and soft, dusky hair, and a face that owed all its beauty to its variety of expression, she was a marked contrast to the tall, fair girl beside her. Pauline was a woman who attracted all who knew her, and yet was utterly unconscious of her power. Her dignified serenity, the deep, earnest vibration in her tone, and her slow, bewildering smile that seemed to caress the one upon whom she smiled—all helped to add to her charms. But her power was in her wide outlook, and deep love and sympathy for everyone who came across her path. Audrey often called her a Viking's daughter. Her deep blue eyes, fair complexion, and coils of golden hair, with her tall and beautifully proportioned figure, certainly claimed a Northern ancestry.

Audrey glanced at her now, and Pauline met her gaze with the words:

"We must be going on, or we shall be late for tea, and Mrs. Daventry will be disappointed."

"Oh!" exclaimed Audrey with a quick sigh, which she turned to laughter. "We always have to be doing things we do not like, for fear of disappointing people. I can so rarely get you to myself, and I am bubbling over with thoughts that I want to pass on to you."

"We can walk and talk at the same time, can't we?"

"Yes, but the house is already in sight.

Walk very slowly, Pauline, there's a dear. I've been thinking out this question about single women, and I find it infinitely pathetic. They are the least considered and the most heroic—now, don't laugh at me! But isn't it true that by devoting themselves to the old people they lose the chance of ever getting in their turn the devotion of the young? In broad, plain language, they are prevented from meeting men whom they might marry by attending to their home ties and duties? I'm not thinking of myself at all—it isn't a personal grievance; I am looking out from this small village upon the world at large; the world I hear about, and read about, and think about. Why should the generation of daughters be more self-sacrificing than the parents? The single daughters look forward to a lonely old age, to poverty, perhaps, to a time when they will be in the way of their friends, only tolerated as far as they can prove themselves useful, and spoken of with contemptuous pity by the young. And some of them are the noblest and best in creation!"

"They will have their reward," said Pauline gently.

"Oh, you are so good, and I am so wicked!"

Then Audrey laughed, and her laugh was an infectious one.

"I won't moralise any more. I am going to enjoy myself this afternoon. I love Mrs. Daventry. I wish she were my aunt or grandmother."

They had reached a small lodge, and went through some handsome iron gates up the drive that led to Barford Towers.

The park stretched away on either side of them; the chestnut avenue brought a sense of refreshment and peace after their rather hot and dusty walk along the high road.

Just in front of the old Tudor house was a green lawn, and under a cluster of beech trees was a group of people just about to enjoy their afternoon tea together. Mrs. Daventry was the centre of the group, and she rose to receive the two girls with her usual smiling welcome. She was a very handsome old lady, with snow-white hair that was rolled back in French fashion under a filmy handkerchief of Mechlin lace. Her figure was still as erect, her eyes still as bright, as when, fifty years before, she had come to her beautiful home as a happy bride.

The group around her were only young



"Pauline, do you honestly like being in a backwater?"—p. 15.

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girls, but they all adored her; she was their queen, and they her court, as they often laughingly told her. And Mrs. Daventry loved every one of them.

The childless widow had taken to her heart the young maidens who lived outside her gates; she had seen the world as they had not. She remembered her own youth, and had boundless sympathy for any of them in a difficulty.

"Come along, Pauline, sit by me," the old lady said, drawing a lounge chair a little nearer her own; "and, Audrey, sit where I can see your bright face. Here is Honor declaring you would not be coming. Now, I really think the Tabby's Tea-party has commenced."

Four girls and an old lady can keep the art of conversation up to the mark. There was no shyness amongst any of them. Pauline was perhaps the most silent, and Audrey the most talkative; Amabel laughed most; Honor was the most appreciative, though she had a most melancholy cast of countenance.

When tea was over Audrey said:

"Now, Mrs. Daventry, let us talk about life—our lives; that's the most interesting thing in the world to us. Make us feel that a good time is coming to us. Inspire us with some of your thoughts. We are all more or less discontented, though I'm the only honest one who owns up."

Mrs. Daventry shook her head at Audrey, with her silvery laugh.

"I see no signs of discontent upon your faces," she said.

"No," said Honor quickly; "but that is because we are so close to our sun that we must reflect her rays!"

"I've never heard the sun was a female before," said Mrs. Daventry, smiling. "Do you know what I always think when I look upon your young, fresh faces? I thank God that His works are always beautiful to start with. And then I muse upon the bundle of charms that you each possess, and which, if properly used, will make your world fair and beautiful."

"I have no charms," murmured Honor.

And, certainly, as far as outward charm went, she had not, for no one could call her anything but plain to look at. She had a broad mouth, snub nose, and small, short-sighted, blue eyes; yet when she talked no one could call her uninteresting.

"Tell us our charms," said Audrey. "It's very nice to hear of our graces."

"I won't put beauty first, though it is one of them, and when I speak of beauty I mean more than faultless features and good complexions. You have youth, health, strength, a boundless hope, enthusiasm, good spirits, and vivacity. You have innocence and freshness, and unembittered views of life."

"And we are all stagnating in a backwater," said Audrey mischievously.

"There is no such thing as stagnation in a human life. We either deteriorate or improve."

The old lady's voice was grave.

"Do you know," she went on cheerfully, "that I had a good deal of thought to-day over my lodges? You know the names of them?"

"Yes," said Amabel. "They are called North, South, East, and West Lodges, because you have one on each four sides of the Park."

"And do you know this about the City we all hope to enter one day: 'On the East three gates; on the North three gates; on the South three gates; and on the West three gates'?"

The four girls looked at her expectantly.

"I have a fancy," and here Mrs. Daventry's dark eyes became soft and dreamy as she looked away to some distant hills on the horizon, "that each one of us may be entering that City through different gates; we may be journeying out to it with our faces towards the North, South, East, or West. Think it out, will you? It may explain the different winds we face through life. When once we get inside we shall acknowledge that whatever road led us to our destination was the right one for us, and thank our guide for having enabled us to face our wind."

Audrey's eyes sparkled.

"I like that," she said. "I'll find out which is my gate before to-morrow."

"I know which is mine," said Honor. "I have faced East all my life. My wind is always sharp and cutting, and I have to be for ever bracing up myself to meet it without a whimper."

No one answered. Each girl was reflecting, and when Mrs. Daventry rose from her seat and took all of them into the house to see some wonderful needlework of hers, the subject was dropped.

An hour later the four girls left the house together, and chatted gaily as they walked along.



"Come along, Pauline, sit by me," the old lady said."

"Do you know, we are really going up to London for a month soon," said Amabel. "I have an aunt who has lived in Paris most of her life, but since my uncle's death she has taken a house in town, and she has invited the parents and me. Won't it be delicious? She has a motor, and has any amount of money, so we shall be in the lap of luxury."

"What a lucky girl you are!" sighed Honor. "It was only a short time ago that you went a lovely driving tour. Things like that never come to me. It's just as I said. I shall face the East always, and hardly ever see the sun."

"Yes," said Audrey, laughing; "and all of us know that Amabel's road faces due South. She will go through life in the blazing sunshine of prosperity."

"Then my soul will get very parched."

Amabel's tone was light, but there was a glimmer of seriousness in her eyes.

Audrey glanced at her reflectively. She was a pretty, childish little creature, with soft, playful ways and a ringing laugh that could not easily be suppressed.

"I dare say facing South always would be very enervating," Audrey said slowly.

"Yes, of course it will be, and you must make allowances accordingly for a Southerner. Pray, what gate is your destination, Audrey?"

"I think it must be West, because such storms crop up in a moment. Pauline, can your gate be the Northern one? I pity you if it is, for not a gleam of sunshine will you get as you go along. But it will suit you, for you will step along serenely, and in your eyes will be steadfast purpose. I believe your hidden fires will keep your North outlook from freezing you."

Pauline looked at her friend with her sweet, grave smile, then her blue eyes kindled with deep feeling as she said:

"Remember, if my face is towards the North my back will be towards the sun. I may not see it, but I shall feel it, and I shall be kept warm."

Honor linked her arm in Pauline's.

"And what hope do you give me if I am perpetually to be meeting the most cutting and cruel wind of all?"

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"There's a rush of thought over facing East, but don't you like this, 'And they journeyed towards the sunrising'? Can you wish for anything better than that?"

"It wants thinking out," said Honor slowly.

"We shall all get some sunshine," said Audrey with knitted brow. "I really think it will be very interesting making out our different ways and fitting all our circumstances into them. I vote we meet each other in a year's time to mark progress and note past events."

"Perhaps," said Amabel gaily, "we may not all be here. Sometimes a year brings great changes."

"I feel in my bones it will bring no change to me," said Audrey. "'As it was in the beginning, now and ever shall be'—don't look shocked, Pauline! I don't mean to be frivolous, but things come into my head so! And now here we part, for this is my turning."

They parted, but each took with them the thought that had been given them by their old friend that day, and shaped it into their lives.

CHAPTER II

FACING WEST

"For the work to God the dearest
Is the duty lying nearest."

"WELL, I think summer very depressing—given a small house, a treeless garden, and an incompetent domestic. What is there in it to please? All the morning I have been stripping gooseberry trees in the blazing sun, scratching and tearing the flesh off my hands; and all the afternoon I've been topping and tailing these same gooseberries and standing over a scorching fire seeing them bubble and squeal and subside into sticky jam. And now you want me to pelt along the high road in the dust and heat, carrying your heavy parcel to the tailor's; and it is a good mile and a half each way. Of course, I'll do it. Fanny says she's feeling the heat too much. I'm sure I am. But as I'm not in service I can't object. You mustn't mind this grumble. It cools me to discharge my feeling."

"I wish, my dear Audrey, you would curb your tongue a little. It is most unpleasant and disturbing. I think I must have my chair moved into the porch; it will be cooler, and I may be able to have a nap

when you are gone, for there will be quiet in the house. You keep it in a perpetual ferment when you are in it."

"Oh," said Audrey with an impatient laugh, "I must let myself go sometimes, father! It will take years to extricate all the gas inside me. There—now I have arranged your chair in the coolest corner. Here are your specs and your newspaper. Anything else? Oh, your pipe! You must have left it in the garden. You had it when you were weeding the gooseberries. I'll fetch it."

With a half-smothered sigh Audrey sped along the neat gravel path that surrounded their small back garden. Her father's failing memory and aptitude for losing his belongings took up a good deal of her time. Mr. Hume was a tall, fine-looking old man, but was stiff and crippled with rheumatism. He had held a Civil appointment in India for many years, and was now living on his pension. He was a man without a hobby, and was consequently very dependent on his daughter for interest and occupation. He read a little, but beyond his daily newspaper only the works of the lightest fiction did he care about. He wrote occasional letters, and every now and then, when much stirred by any topical subject, would write a letter to the Press. He gardened, but that was more superintendence than actual work, and the rest of the day he spent smoking and sleeping in his arm-chair, varied by short walks along the high road.

The house was one of three in a terrace. On one side of them lived a doctor and his wife, both rather sleepy, middle-aged people; on the other a solicitor, with his two sisters. No other houses were near, and it was unfortunate that Audrey was not a favourite with her neighbours. They liked to give advice; she disliked receiving it. They invariably took her father's views of life, and strongly disapproved of emancipated young women. Audrey loved shocking them, and was intolerant of their narrow views of life. Especially was this the case with the Miss Blunts, who were thin, angular women, with a humble adoration for their only brother, and a rigid primness of conduct and speech.

Mr. Hume was not particularly fond of these good ladies, but he quoted them when annoyed by his daughter, and occasionally made appeal to them when Audrey rebelled against his authority. To do her justice, she was a very dutiful daughter, though

FOUR GATES

from her speech one would hardly credit it. Mr. Hume was irritable and impulsive; periodically he would have storms of sudden passion, which swept through his small household like a tornado. His will was law, and he would never stand the slightest opposition. Audrey had not learnt to bear these storms with serenity; too often she would add fuel to the flames by inopportune remarks, but she struggled to be patient and calm, and sometimes succeeded in pacifying him before he lost entire control of himself.

As she sped along the road to the small country town, with aching head and weary feet, she felt tired of it all.

"Oh!" she said impatiently to herself, "I am just a beast of burden, and have no other outlook. I shall get old and grey cooking jam, carrying parcels, and making talk for old people. But"—here a flash of humour lightened up her depression—"never will I screw my hair into a tight little knot, or my mouth into a creasy button, like Miss Julia and Miss Grace Blunt!" Then she raised her eyes, and over the range of sloping meadows in front of her was the setting sun in all its splendour. The radiant colouring and beautiful cloud effect appealed to her artistic soul.

She watched it in breathless delight.

"Ah!" she said; "I hope I shall enter my West gate through such a sunset."

And then deep, serious thought settled down upon her—thought that stamped itself upon eyes and brow, and made the remaining distance but nothing to her unconscious feet.

She left her parcel and returned home with a bright and smiling face. Her father looked at her as she helped him back to his sitting-room and lit the lamp to disperse the gathering dusk.

"Did you enjoy your walk?"

"I think I did—the return part of it, at any rate."

She stood at the window, looking up into the sky, her hand raised to pull down the blind. Then she turned quickly to her father.

"Oh, don't you think—don't you wish sometimes that the earth would give itself a little shake and begin to go round the other way? It would be such a revolutionary change. The very thought of it is delicious!"

"You talk a great deal of nonsense," said Mr. Hume testily. "Change! Change!"

Who wants change? Let well alone. It comes too fast for most of us."

"Not for me," said Audrey, lowering the blind and sitting down in an easy chair opposite her father. "I feel I am becoming petrified. What kind of an old life shall I have, father? Your pension will die with you. I shall be left penniless, and there is not a craft or trade that I can work at."

Mr. Hume moved uneasily in his chair.

"You are talking very strangely, Audrey. We are a long-lived race, and I may outlive you. In any case, I am putting by a little every year for you. It will be a nice little nest-egg one day. There is no occasion for you to be discussing your future after my death—"

"No," said Audrey, with a funny little smile, as her thoughts went to her father's bank-book, which he often showed her, and the five pounds at the most that he saved out of his income every year. "One must live like the grasshoppers—that is the best way."

Then she fetched her work-basket, with her mending in it, and hummed under her breath:

"Say what shall be our sport to-day?

There's nothing on earth, in sea or air,
Too bright, too bold, too high, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!"

Her father fidgeted his paper.

"And if you do outlive me," he said abruptly, "you will marry as your mother did before you."

Audrey laughed deliciously. Her friends always said that the sound of her laugh was intoxicating.

"Whom shall I marry, father? Will a prince come driving up in a coach and four? He will have to fall from the skies, for a young man in our village is an unheard-of article. I don't believe"—here Audrey dropped her mending and leant forward, nursing her chin in her hands—"I don't believe that I have ever spoken to a young man since I was a girl of fourteen at school and one of the boarders' brothers came to see her. Mr. Broughton is strong enough and wise enough to have no curates—there are too many single young women about to make such a venture. No, father, marriage for penniless, commonplace girls is an impossibility."

Her father made no reply, but seemed absorbed in thought. After a time, he said in a slow, musing tone:

"We do not know for certain about Bernard."

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Audrey sat up with a little start. It was years since her father had mentioned that name.

Fifteen years had passed since a hot, passionate quarrel had taken place between father and son. There had been a hasty departure, and, beyond a letter to his mother announcing his arrival at Sydney, no other news had come of the absent one. For years they had tried to trace his whereabouts, but had failed. And for a long time now they had looked upon him as dead.

"Of course," said Audrey, a little pity stealing into her voice, "you are always hoping that the prodigal will return with bags of gold, having made his fortune; but I rather fancy the Bible version is truer to life, and though I have still a sisterly affection for him, I do not know that I would welcome rapturously a broken-down, needy man who, failing to support himself, has returned to be supported by those who can ill afford to do so."

"Your mother had faith in him to the last."

Sudden tears filled Audrey's eyes. Her heart was softer than her tongue, and the deeper she felt about things the more she tried to hide it. She could never forget, as a girl of fifteen, her gentle mother's death-bed and her pathetic yearning for her absent son.

"Bernard is not bad, only hot-tempered. He will make a good man—my heart tells me that he will," she had said to her husband over and over again.

Silence fell between father and daughter. Audrey took up her mending rather fiercely, whilst she brushed away her tears with an impatient hand.

And then in a few minutes her father spoke again.

"Do you remember Everard Vernon? I have lost sight of him for many years, but I consider he is deeply in my debt."

"What! Does he owe you money? I don't remember him. He was the man that lived with you out in India, wasn't he? Mother used to talk about him."

"Money is not the one and only thing you can owe," Mr. Hume said testily. "Of course you don't remember him."

He took up his newspaper, and did not speak again until he retired to his room for the night. Then, as Audrey accompanied him upstairs, candle in hand, and stooped to give him her usual good-night kiss, he murmured almost under his breath:

"Deeply in my debt! I shall not forget it."

Audrey sped downstairs, going into the kitchen first to have a few words with their young maidservant, and then going the round of the house to see that all locks and bolts were securely fastened for the night. When she came to the front door she opened it and stood in the porch, delighting in the cool, fresh evening air.

And then, raising her face to the starlit sky, she murmured to herself:

"It is easy to portion out our roads and gates, but am I perfectly certain that heaven is my goal and destination? Pauline is; she is as sure and steadfast as a rock, but I seem tossed about, sometimes with such high ideals, sometimes with such carnal, earthly ones, and then something whirls up inside me and carries me off my feet, until I do not know where I am. I suppose this hot temper is our hereditary curse. Why did I not take after my mother, who was an angel of sweetness? Father, I, and poor Bernard, spitting and spluttering out words best forgotten, and never learning wisdom with age. Ah, poor Bernard! I don't believe he is in this world at all."

A heavy sigh escaped her.

"Well, after all, am I doing better with my life than he? What will my record be of these quiet years? Impatience of control, rebellion against circumstances, distrust of God or of His dealings with us? I keep a house going, I have a Sunday class, and I grumble and chafe incessantly at my narrow life. Unlovable, unsympathetic, and bad-tempered—that is my character. I wonder if I was born to be different? Perhaps I was meant to do small things all my life. But, if I was, why am I panting so for a wider sphere and for greater knowledge? I am so ignorant, and yet I want to learn; I want to have my mind expanded, to be for a time in the rush of life! Why should what I consider my best longings be thwarted and denied?"

Looking into the still infinity above her, Audrey breathed this prayer:

"Oh, God, shape me into something that will bring Thee credit, something that will leave its mark for good upon the world before I die!"

And then she locked the door in front of her and went to bed.

The following morning she was shopping in the village when she met Pauline.

Audrey greeted her enthusiastically.



"'You talk a great deal of nonsense,' said Mr. Hume testily. 'Change! Change! Who wants change?'"—p. 21.

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"I must talk to you. Can you wait till I have been to the butcher's, and let me walk home with you?"

"Yes. I am going to the post-office."

They parted, then met again a few minutes later, and turned up a lane at the end of the village which led to Pauline's cottage home.

"You are looking tired, Pauline. What have you been doing?" Audrey asked affectionately as she linked her arm in that of her friend and insisted on carrying her basket.

"Mother had a bad night; I was up with her."

"I wonder how often you get a good night's rest?"

"I am very strong," said Pauline, smiling.

"Now tell me how you are yourself."

"Still fermenting inside. I would give anything for your splendid calm. You're like a ship sailing in smooth waters—no, that simile is not good, for I know your waters are rough."

"Some people say I am stoical," said Pauline. "Sometimes I wonder if I am."

"Never, but you've got the secret of happy living, and I haven't, and, do you know, Pauline, the worst of it is, I don't want to have it. I don't want to settle down and be content with my life. It doesn't satisfy my soul, and it never will; it's too small, and I can't cut myself small enough to fit it."

"Yes; I understand, dear," said Pauline cheerfully. "I have felt like it myself; but fretting against the inevitable is very wearing to other people as well as to oneself. Don't kick the dust and stones up as you walk, but tread them under. You really will find that the best plan."

"Ah, that is one of your nice sayings. I'll remember it. The fact is, you are really good, and I am not. And, at home, if I am not in a bad humour father is; it is a kind of see-saw arrangement with us. Last night I went to bed in quite a religious frame of mind. This morning nothing would please father. He had one of his letters returned him from the *Times*, and that put him out; then he wanted Mr. Blunt to call and see him upon business. I know he can have no business to transact, and I told him it was wasting his money to pay for a gossiping visit from the old man. Then he flew into one of his passions, and blew me up sky high, and said if I was a pauper after he died, without a roof to cover me,

it would be my own fault. Now, what can he mean by that? I know I shall be a pauper—unless some unknown rich relation dies and leaves me some money I shall have absolutely nothing to live upon when I am left alone. And I puzzle my head again and again trying to solve the problem. I feel I ought to be fitting myself for such an emergency. But what can I do? I have a certain amount of time, but no talent to cultivate. Now, you have talents and no time. I am only half educated, and can get no books to educate myself."

"Earn some money, and subscribe to a London library."

"Oh, Pauline! how can I earn anything? And, if I did, we want every penny we can get to help us to live."

"Well," said Pauline slowly, "I have known people in very difficult circumstances earn something. It wants originality—I suppose that is the battle."

"Father wouldn't hear of my raising flowers or fruit for sale," said Audrey meditatively; "and, really, between attending to his wants and those of the house, it takes me all my time. Ah, well! don't let us talk of me any more! Here we are! I wish I lived in such a picturesque setting as you do; I think it would help me to take the ruffles of life with calmness."

Pauline's home was certainly picturesque. A low, thatched cottage in an old-fashioned garden, opening into the lane by a tiny white gate. Yet, as they stood and looked at it, the thick foliage of the overhanging trees and shrubs seemed to cast a gloom over it. And though it was a sunny morning, the cottage was entirely in the shade.

"We face North," said Pauline, smiling. "I suppose you thought of that when you suggested that my journey was Northwards."

"Perhaps I did," said Audrey lightly; "but I know it won't hurt you. No kind of life would. My life is hurting me, and I am getting more and more bitter and irritable and hopeless. If I am in the refining-pot I shall melt away gradually in the process, for there is nothing in me but dross—no gold at all. You see, I can't keep off myself. And now I must hurry home. Do you want me to come in? I would rather not to-day; but if you'll have me to tea to-morrow I think I can manage it."

"Do come, then! And cheer up! Life is pretty well what we make it, after all."

Pauline kissed her affectionately, then for

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a moment let her hand rest lightly on her shoulder.

"You are made to be a joyous creature, Audrey. Cultivate gladness, if you can. Do you remember it says: 'Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness and with gladness of heart for the abundance of all things, therefore shalt thou serve thine enemies.'"

"I don't think I have abundance. None of us have."

"Yet Mrs. Daventry seemed to envy us for our possessions."

"Yes. Oh, I know I am all wrong. I really sometimes doubt if I am serving God at all. I fancy it is only head knowledge of Him that I have, and not heart."

She turned away with a little laugh and wave of her hand. Pauline's eyes followed her retreating figure rather sadly; and then she opened the small gate and went into the cottage.

CHAPTER III

FACING NORTH AND EAST

"God, help us through the common days,
The level stretches white with dust,
When thought is tired, and hands upraise
Their burden feebly, since they must.
In days of overwhelming care
Then most we need the strength of prayer."

"OH, miss, I'm glad to see you back! I could do nothing with the mistress. She insisted on getting up, and is now turning out her writing-table. She's looking like death, and hasn't touched her beef-tea!"

It was the usual formula that greeted Pauline when she returned from any errand or outing.

She smiled into her old servant's anxious face.

"I will go up at once. She must have taken a turn for the better."

Pauline stepped lightly up the narrow stairs, and opened the door of her mother's room.

Mrs. Erskine turned round from her davenport at the sound of her footsteps, and hastily pushed some papers into it and locked it.

"Oh, mother dear, ought you to be up? You had such a bad night."

Mrs. Erskine sat down rather heavily in a chair, and spoke irritably:

"I told you that it was that soup last

night which disagreed with me. If you will go out when I am wanting you to write my letters, you need not be surprised to see me making the effort to do it myself."

Mrs. Erskine was a tall, imposing-looking woman; and, though illness had brought a stoop to her shoulders and hollows under her eyes, she was still a very striking personality. She had always ruled her household with a firm and masterful hand. People said she had ruled her husband with the same rigid hand as she now exercised over her daughter. Pauline was not her mother's confidante. Mrs. Erskine still kept all their money affairs in her own hands, and her daughter had little idea of the amount of their income; she was never allowed to draw a cheque or see her mother's bank-book. For over two years Mrs. Erskine had been confined to her room, and it was against her doctor's orders that she ever left her bed. Pauline noted the trembling of her hands and the shortness of her breath. She wasted no time in remonstrance, but gently helped her back to bed, and then persuaded her to take the discarded beef-tea which Mary again presented.

"I will write for you at once, mother, if you like," she said when Mrs. Erskine seemed composed again.

"I do not want you to. I have done what I wished myself. The letter is there. See that it goes by this afternoon's post. It is to tell Doctor Mann that I do not require his services any longer."

"Oh, mother! Why?"

"It is not my habit to give you my reasons for doing things. He does not suit me. His medicines do me no good."

"But whom can we have instead of him? You have left Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Thorne—"

"I will have no doctor. They all tell me I shall never get any better. I dislike these country practitioners extremely."

Pauline stood by the bedside with a perplexed look in her eyes, then she spoke very gently:

"Won't you let this letter wait till to-morrow? You may have one of your sharp attacks of pain again, and then you must have something to relieve it. I was going to send to the surgery this evening for some more of your medicine. The bottle is nearly empty."

"I will have no more of it. Leave me now; I want to try to sleep. And see that my letter goes this afternoon."

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Pauline withdrew, but downstairs she held counsel with Mary.

"She has tried every doctor in the neighbourhood, Mary, and now she will not have Dr. Mann any more. I do not know what to do."

"Let it be, miss, till the pain comes on, and then she'll be tractable again. Can't you explain to the doctor? He'll understand an invalid's whims and fancies."

"Yes, Mary, I think he will. I will send a little note to him myself and enclose my mother's in it."

Pauline's face was serene again. That afternoon she was seated with some needlework in her mother's room. Mrs. Erskine had dropped off into a troubled sleep. Pauline's thoughts, as her needle flew backwards and forwards, were soon far away. The scent of some mignonette that came in through the open window from the little flower-bed below took her back to a summer morning ten years previously. It was in London. She had left her father and mother to attend the School of Art in Kensington. They had just settled down in this quiet cottage, and her father, who had always believed in her talent, had persuaded his wife to let her go up to town and lodge with an old cousin of his.

Pauline had gone; her future to her was full of golden promise and sunshine. She plunged into her work with enthusiasm; and then in London, at her cousin's house, she met a clever, cultured man—Justin Pembroke. He was a relation of her cousin, and had just returned from some researches in Egypt in connection with the Royal Geographical Society, of which he was a member. Both of them were busy during the day, but not an evening passed without their being together. He took her to places of amusement and interest, or talked to her in her cousin's drawing-room as no man had ever talked to her before. The last morning before the summons home had come was now as fresh as ever in her memory. He brought her a bunch of mignonette, and paid her the first compliment that had passed his lips.

"It is as cool and sweet and refreshing as your presence has been," he said. "Mignonette to me is associated with country gardens and Nature in all its purity and freshness. It is my favourite flower. Will you wear some when you come to the R.G.S.'s soirée this evening?"

And with a smile she had assented.

Alas! she did wear it in her breast—in an express train, answering the urgent summons of her mother:

"Come at once. Your father died this morning from heart failure."

A dark time ensued then for Pauline. Her mother's health suddenly failed; she became a querulous, self-centred invalid, and required her daughter's services night and day. With the loss of her father Pauline lost the only one who had shown her love and sympathy. But from a little child her faith and trust in God had influenced her life; and she took her place by her mother's bedside with calm and cheerful courage. Sometimes she would wonder that Justin Pembroke had passed so suddenly out of her life. Her heart had told her that he was not one to trifle with women. And though in those three weeks he had said nothing definite, she knew that he had cared for her. It was a long time before she could think calmly of him; but ten years softens memories, and it was only, as now, when the sudden scent of the mignonette was wafted in the air, that she felt again the pain of that broken time of happiness.

"It is a good thing it came to nothing," she said resolutely to herself. "I could never have left my mother."

Then she, too, like Audrey, began to dwell on her old friend's words:

"I am quite content to journey North, even though my path is to be a sunless one. Thank God for the sunshine that He gives within. I pray that I may always reflect a little of it on others."

She was startled by someone calling her from the garden below. Looking out, she saw Honor Broughton.

"Pauline, do come down to me."

"Hush! I will come if you wait."

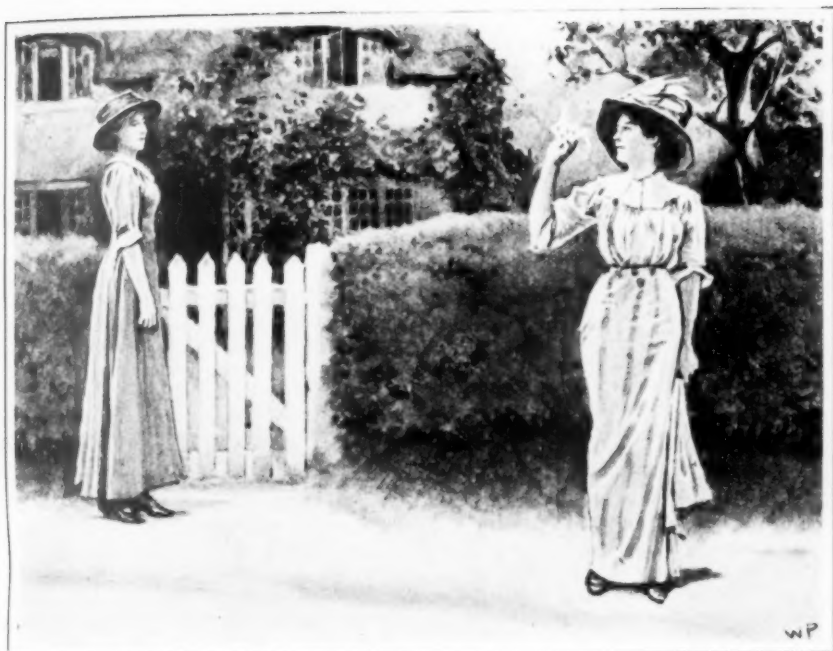
She gave a glance towards her mother's sleeping form, then softly slipped down the narrow cottage stairs and greeted her friend in the porch.

"I want you to advise me," began Honor breathlessly. "Oh, dear! I have been so worried to-day! I've brought the children out, and they're picking bluebells in the copse close by. Can you leave your mother for a little?"

"I think so—if I tell Mary. Wait a moment."

She disappeared, then returned with a chair and some cushions.

"You look so warm, Honor dear. Let us



"She turned away with a little laugh and wave of her hand"—p. 26.

sit in this shady nook under the medlar tree. Now we can talk without being disturbed. I have told Mary to ring for me if I am wanted. Would you like a glass of lemonade or milk?"

"Oh, no! It is merely temper, my stepmother would tell you. Oh, Pauline, I feel as if I cannot stand my life! I must break away from it, and my chance has come at last."

Honor's sallow cheeks were flushed, and her eyes had lost their usual rather melancholy look.

"Tell me about it," said Pauline.

"Father had a letter this morning from an old friend of his. Do you remember her? A widow? Mrs. Bulwer, her name is. She stayed with us for a week about four years ago. She wrote asking father if he knew of any nice, useful girl who would act as a companion to a friend of hers. She would have a good salary and a comfortable home, and then Mrs. Bulwer said she wrote because she had thought of me. She said her friend didn't want any of these pretty, flighty girls whose heads were only filled with dress and lovers!"

"But, Honor dear, you could never be spared from home?"

"Couldn't I? Can't you see my stepmother? Her eyes glistened at once. 'My dear Edward, if Honor's salary would be sufficient to pay a resident governess for the children, the change would be advantageous for us all!' Then I boiled over. Why should I be her goods and chattel? I said. 'Perhaps I might not find it convenient to spare any of my salary!' And then—well, we said some biting things to each other, and father slipped away to his study, and I felt ashamed of myself, and the subject was dropped. What shall I do, Pauline? Tell me."

"It does not sound attractive," said Pauline musingly. "Your home duties are, after all, a labour of love. I don't see the advantage of looking after a stranger when your own people need you so much."

"Do they? I think my stepmother is right when she says a governess for the children would suit her best if I could provide the money for it. She and I will never get on together, Pauline; we are too near each other in age. You know how sharp

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and stinging her tongue is! Well, mine is getting quite as bad. I jog along every day feeling so hopeless over it all! I am not like Audrey. I should never have the energy to get out of my groove unless I was poked out of it; but this has seemed to come at a time when my patience is almost at an end. Everything I do is wrong, and this hot weather makes me very slack. The boys will be coming home from school soon, and I haven't the energy for all that falls upon me."

Pauline was silent for a moment. Honor Broughton was the daughter of the rector. She had lost her own mother when her two young brothers were still in the nursery and she was a girl of sixteen. She came home from school at once, and for two years managed the household and helped her father in the parish in a thoroughly happy and capable manner. Then a widow and her daughter came to reside in the village. The daughter was delicate; she attended every church service, and was continually appealing to the rector for help and counsel. Mr. Broughton was a gentle and kindly disposed man, not very strong-minded, and susceptible to a woman's influence; but it was a tremendous shock to Honor when her father announced to her his intention of marrying Emily Fenton. And when Emily came as a bride to the Rectory she revealed herself as a very irritable and selfish young woman with a great many fancied ailments. She spent her time in reading novels and in dressing herself in the latest fashion. From the very first Honor and she had mutually disliked each other; but, for the sake of her father, and from a certain quiet pride of her own, Honor had quietly taken the second place, and supplied the deficiencies of her stepmother's rule.

Emily was no housekeeper; she soon handed over that province to Honor. She did not love parish work; she never sewed, and when little ones began to appear she adopted a semi-invalid life. Honor was nurse, lady's maid, and housekeeper in one. But she loved the babies, and they learnt to love her. As time went on Emily's irritability increased. She vented it entirely on the quiet girl who was the drudge of the family. Nothing that she did was right, and when the countless little difficulties of a poor clergyman's household occurred, Honor was made responsible for them all. It brought wrinkles to her brow and a

hopeless look into her blue eyes. She was always tired in body and in soul, and lately had felt her patience and forbearance was waning. Only her friends realised what her life was, and Pauline's heart ached for her.

"Don't take a fresh step in life rashly, dear. Do you know at all what kind of person this lady is who wants you? A companion is very often a mere drudge. No governess would be to the children what you are; and then there is your father. He said to me the other day when I met him: 'Ah! I am not getting younger. I wish I could afford a curate, but with a daughter like Honor I ought not to want one.'"

"Did he say that? Dear old father! I should hate leaving home; and, after all, as you say, I might be quite as miserable away. But Emily has set her heart on my going. And she expects that every penny of my salary will come to her. What does she expect me to dress upon, or how are my thousand and one little expenses to be paid if I am away from home? It is this that has annoyed me so. I only exist to ease her circumstances. If it were not for father I would leave home to-morrow and keep every penny I received for myself."

A defiant light shot into her eyes as she spoke, then her shoulders drooped a little, and she sighed.

"But I haven't the spirit. It is only to you that I talk like this. East wind is meant to be invigorating and bracing, is it not? It depresses me to death. I have been thinking over my Eastern outlook, and I'm tired, quite tired, of meeting nothing but bitter blasts."

"They journeyed towards the sunrise," quoted Pauline softly, whilst a bright smile came to her lips. "Oh, Honor dear, your path leads to the sun. Look on and up, and you will see it rise—"

"Well," said Honor, rising from her seat, "I must be off, for I have to take the choir practice at four. I shall let Emily settle my fate. It is the only thing to be done. You have done me good, Pauline. I will look up. Good-bye."

She hastened away, calling to her three little sisters; and Pauline once again mounted the stairs to her mother's room.

"I don't know that the complete change would not be good for her," she mused. "Honor has never left home for a day for the last three or four years. When her father and stepmother go for a holiday she

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has always to stay at home. It is an unnatural life for a girl; she is too old for her age—too careworn."

Honor did not look very careworn as she joined her small sisters. They were three flaxen-headed mites of five, six, and seven years respectively. Too small to require much teaching at present, though for two hours every morning Honor sat in the old schoolroom with them, and mingled reading and writing with the joys of various kindergarten studies. Daisy, the eldest, could read; Minnie was still struggling with words of one syllable; and the baby, Chatty, as she was called, barely knew her alphabet.

Now they were running and dancing through the field path to the Rectory, Honor apparently as light-hearted and gay as the little ones.

"Quick!" she cried. "It is nearly four o'clock, and I must be in the church sharp at four."

"Let's putend it isn't four," suggested Minnie with guile. But her suggestion was set aside with scorn by Daisy.

"You can't putend anything about father's church. It's wicked."

As they reached the Rectory door they were met by the young housemaid, who looked rather perturbed.

"Oh, Miss Honor, we've a lot of company. Lady Marion, with some ladies from London. And me and cook has to hurry in tea as fast as ever we can; and missis says will you send the children into the drawin'-room in their best frocks, as Lady Marion has asked to see them."

Honor looked at the hot, dirty little hands and faces and untidy heads with dismay.

"Oh, dear! I shall be late. We ought not to have stayed out so long. Come along, chicks!"

She flew upstairs, and the next ten minutes was a wild fight with time. As she was ushering the three white-froaked little damsels downstairs Mr. Broughton came out into the hall. He was on his way to the drawing-room.

"Why, Honor, I thought you were at the practice! It is late."

"Yes. I am sorry. I stayed out too long. Take the children in, father, will you? I hope they will be good."

She ran out along the path that led to the church, feeling tired and heated. The choir boys were chasing each other round the churchyard, and the two or three young

women who also helped with their voices were gossiping together in the porch.

"I am so sorry I am late," Honor said, producing her key and unlocking the church door. "Now, boys, quietly, please!"

The church was cool and still. Honor loved music, and the singing of the Psalms and hymns for the following Sunday brought peace and comfort to her heart. When she returned to the house an hour later her mind was rested—if her body was not.

She went into the drawing-room, which was now a scene of confusion. The visitors had gone, but the children were still there with their mother. Chatty was crying; she had overturned some milk upon the carpet, and Mrs. Broughton was scolding her sharply as she tried to wipe up the spilt milk with her handkerchief. Minnie was jumping up and down on the sofa, and Daisy was helping herself to some cake on the table. The untidy tea-table, chairs pulled about in all directions, and the fretful tones of her stepmother, did much to dispel Honor's peace of mind.

"Oh, there you are! What a time you have been! Do for goodness' sake take these children away. They have had their tea with us, but I will never let them do it again. Get off that sofa at once, Minnie, you naughty child! And here's a mess on our new carpet! I have rung the bell three times for Ellen to come."

"I expect she is at her tea. I will get a cloth from the pantry."

By the time Honor had effaced the milk-stains and tidied the room the children had sobered down. Mrs. Broughton lay down upon the sofa as if quite exhausted.

"I am completely worn out," she said. "Lady Marion paid such a long visit, and I thought Ellen would never bring the tea in! She is so dreadfully slow! Do take the children away at once, and let me have a little peace."

"I want some tea myself, if there is any," said Honor, going to the tea-tray. The tea was cold and bitter, but she poured herself out a cup and drank it standing. No one would ever think of keeping hot tea for her, she said to herself a little bitterly. She was never supposed to be tired or thirsty. She collected the cups and saucers, which were scattered all over the room, put them upon the tea-tray ready for Ellen to take away, and then mounted the stairs again, the children keeping up a vociferous chatter

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as they accompanied her. She did not leave them again till they were all in bed; then she changed her dress and went down to supper with her father and mother.

"Well," Mr. Broughton said a little nervously, as he looked at his wife, "I—we have written to Mrs. Bulwer in answer to her letter this morning, and I have told her that if this lady can give you £100 a year we will do our best to spare you, but not otherwise."

"My dear father," said Honor, opening her eyes, "what an extraordinary way to write! I should never expect such a salary as that; I—I am not worth it. You write as if we are doing her a favour; she will look at it in quite another light. I did not know you were going to answer so quickly. We have not had time to talk it over."

"Your father and I have had plenty of time," said Mrs. Broughton sharply. "I could get a friend of mine to come and look after the children if we could give her a small salary; and the extra amount would be a godsend to us, when every penny has to be thought of."

"If anyone would give me that handsome salary," said Honor thoughtfully, "they would expect me to dress accordingly. You couldn't expect to receive much from my first quarter's pay. At present I have not a dress fit to wear, and there are a thousand difficulties in the way. Would your friend, Emily, be able and willing to do the things that I do? It is not only the children to be thought about. There is the Sunday-school, the club accounts, the choir practices, the visiting in the villages, the house-keeping. Most nursery governesses would not be willing to do all this—and it must be done."

"You have a wonderful faculty for extol-

ling all your good deeds," said Emily with a little sneer; "but I fail to discover them. You are proverbially slow and stupid over everything you undertake, and take twice the time in doing them that anyone else would do. If I were stronger I would make nothing of what you are always making such a hue and cry about. I assure you, though you may not believe it, we should get on just as well without you as with you—not to say better!"

"We need not say any more now," her father said gently. "I dare say, as Emily says, the change would be good for you, Honor. Of course, we should miss you, but if it is for your good I shall not try to keep you. We will wait and hear what this lady says."

Honor said no more. After supper she went into her father's study, and with him went over some parish accounts.

Then they went back to the drawing-room, and for the rest of the evening she was busy with her mending-basket. Her thoughts were in a tumult. Was her life going to be shaped differently so soon? She evidently was to have no choice in it herself. She was a shy, diffident girl, and had not Audrey's longing to see fresh scenes and be in a wider sphere of action. Her life was full of her home duties and interests, and her little sisters were her heart's joy and delight. Though she had sometimes murmured, or bewailed her lot, now that there seemed a chance of altering it she shrank from the unknown possibilities before her. When she put her tired head down upon her pillow that night she murmured to herself:

"I must not worry. No one would think of giving me £100 a year. I am not worth it."

[END OF CHAPTER THREE]



The Humour and Romance of Local Preaching

By MORLEY ADAMS

GENERAL BOOTH it was who pertinently asked, "Why should the devil have all the best music?" and straightway captured the hearts of the fallen with cornet and big drum.

In a like manner it might be asked, "Why should the devil have all the laughter?" and many preachers have made spiritual capital out of sanctified humour.

It is only to be expected, with the vast army of local and lay preachers our modern churches boast, that incidents more or less humorous should occasionally occur, but with the local preacher the humour is almost invariably unpremeditated and often the result of accident, and therefore the more delectable.

The local preacher is the greatest asset that Nonconformity in general and Methodism in particular possesses. Every Sunday, year in year out, he carries the gospel to congregations in towns and remote villages, and but for his ministrations these congregations would lack that spiritual sustenance that comes from divine worship. His virtues are many, his faults few; his occasional lapses are sometimes humorous, but never harmful. He may not be eminently scholastic, but, what is more important, he is eminently pious, and his work is blessed of God for the cause of righteousness.

The following incident occurred in connection with a local preacher in the west of England. He happened to possess the same name as another lay preacher on the same circuit plan. Our friend (whom I will call Mr. Smith) was a labouring man of much piety, and the other Mr. Smith was a local solicitor of good social position. Both were to spend the week-end with duly appointed hosts. Mr. Smith the solicitor was to stay with the local squire, who was a Methodist, and the other Mr. Smith with some friends in his own social position; but by some means the arrangements got mixed, and our humble brother went to be the guest

of the squire and the solicitor went to the more humble home.

Mr. Smith did not altogether relish the idea of being the guest of the squire for fear of—as he afterwards explained—"putting his foot in it." However, he determined that he would act precisely as if he were in his own home.

He was met at the station and driven to the Hall, where he was met by the squire, who immediately saw that a mistake had been made, but thought it kindest to say nothing. It was about five o'clock when Brother Smith arrived at the Hall, and the squire, thinking he would like a wash, asked him if he would like to be shown to his room. He was taken upstairs, shown into his room by the butler, and left alone.

He looked at his watch, thought it was rather early, but, thinking it "the thing" in "high life," he *immediately undressed himself and got into bed*; and a couple of hours later, when the squire came to see why he had not come down to dinner, he found him vainly trying to court sleep by sorting the patterns out of the wallpaper!

With some preachers the making of a sermon is quite an event; months are spent over it, and when finished it is often "fearfully and wonderfully made." In consequence, three or four sermons have to serve for a lifetime.

When remonstrated with on account of having made a stock of four sermons do duty for thirty years, an aged "local" laughingly replied: "Praise the Lord, they soon forgets!"

Another method of avoiding the tremendous task of making a new sermon is to commit one of somebody else's to memory. A lay preacher once did this with one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and delivered it—without mentioning the fact that it was not his own—in a small village chapel accommodating at the most forty people.

He had committed the sermon to

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"The squire found him vainly trying to court sleep by sorting the patterns out of the wall-paper!"—p. 31.

memory verbatim, intending to leave out anything that might not suit the conditions of place and people, but becoming "warmed up," he suddenly threw up his arm, exclaiming, "And now I turn to the thousands in the galleries."

Villagers are among the most critical of all sermon-tasters, they will forgive incongruities of speech, the most weird of anecdotes, but the sermon must be orthodox, be properly divided up into headings, and be a real exposition of the text.

To a village congregation a "local" of the new school preached a sermon on "new lines." After the service, whilst in the vestry, the preacher ventured to inquire of the steward if he had enjoyed the sermon.

"Oh, aye! The sermon wasn't so bad, but what ailed your text?" slowly asked the steward.

"I don't think there was anything the matter with the text," answered the preacher.

"No offence, but I thought happen it

had got the smallpox!" said the steward.

"Smallpox?" queried the preacher. "What do you mean?"

"Well, that's what I reckoned by the way you kept away from it," answered the steward.

Yet another "local" was apt to preach at some length, and had a habit of dividing his sermons up into far more than the orthodox "three headings." He was preaching once at a village chapel in East Anglia, and having a good time he went on and on, firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, fifthly, until he got well into the tenthlies.

An old lady who had listened patiently for some time, at length began to display evident signs of impatience; she wiped her face with a coloured handkerchief,

shifted in her seat, until the preacher reached "seventeenthly," when she brought a huge green umbrella—which she had been nursing during the service—down with a bang, piously exclaiming, so that all could hear, "Well, I'm jiggered!"

At a special afternoon children's service in a Wesleyan church in a town in Suffolk, a well-known minister was recently considerably taken aback by the prompt and unanimous answers given by the children to his questions.

At the morning service the children had been addressed by another minister who told them the following story:

"A policeman, whilst on his beat, discovered a parcel on the doorsteps of a house. He picked it up, and found that it contained a baby. This was taken to the police station, and as it was not claimed the infant finally found a home in the Union. When the time came for the child to be named, he was called 'Thomas Bridges,' because he was found between two bridges on St. Thomas's Day.

THE HUMOUR AND ROMANCE OF LOCAL PREACHING

"The child grew to be a man, and desired very much to become a missionary. He heard that Darwin had been to Patagonia, and had described the natives of that country as 'the most savage, depraved, and utterly wicked people in the world.' Thomas Bridges offered to go out to preach the Gospel to the Patagonians, and after being first of all refused, the Society at length yielded to his solicitations, and he was sent. The result was that Patagonia became a new country, and in three years was a Christianised land with school, church, and almost all its 30,000 people professing Christianity."

In the afternoon the special preacher started the address by telling the children that he was going to tell them a story.

"There was once a policeman," he began, "who, whilst going on his beat, discovered a parcel on a doorstep." The children smiled, and whispered among themselves. "Now, I wonder," continued the preacher, "if any little boy or girl can tell me what that parcel contained?"

"A baby!" came from a hundred children.

The preacher looked surprised, but after commending their astuteness he continued the story, until he came to the naming of the child.

"I am going to ask you a question that you will not find so easy to answer as the other," said the preacher. "The little boy was given a name."

The children nudged each other, and the adults in the congregation vainly tried to repress their smiles.

"I will help you a little towards an answer to the question," said the minister,

"by saying that the Christian name given to the boy was also the name of one of the Apostles. You remember the names of the Apostles—John, James, Peter, and others. Now, who can tell me the first name of the child?"

"Thomas!" was the unanimous shout.

But the preacher's last vestige of composure disappeared when the irrepressible big boy of the school cried out:

"And his other name was Bridges!"

It was at a local preachers' meeting, held at a small town in Somersetshire, that a "local" from one of the neighbouring villages was asked for his authority for stating in a sermon that St. Paul had visited England.

"I said it on the best authority possible," answered the man addressed. "You can't have any better reason for saying anything than that it is in the Bible, and if you will look in the fourteenth of Acts you'll find that 'Paul and Barnabas fled into Leicester and Derby.'"

Of malaprops there are many among local preachers; words weird and wonderful fall from their lips. Quite recently I heard a dear old veteran making use of Halley's comet to illustrate his sermon,

and time after time he referred to it as "Alley's Comic."

Then there is the flowery, eloquent brother—a favourite with the ladies. He usually speaks very rapidly, and uses long words. A very excitable brother of this kind was preaching on the barren fig-tree, and wanted to say: "The fig-tree withereth away, and the half-formed wish is never realised," but in his excitement he rapidly and fervently exclaimed, "The



"Well, I'm jiggered!"

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wig-tree fithereth away, and the half-warmed fish is never realised."

The same preacher, when giving a sermon on the prodigal son, drew a vivid word-picture of the prodigal in the fields with his "fleece charge," and was incensed with the brother who afterwards asked him, "How long have pigs had wool?"

Then there is the mixed-metaphor preacher who manages, almost invariably, to misquote scripture. A "local" in this category was preaching on self-righteousness, and ended his discourse by saying, "Let us remember that, after all, our righteousness is but filthy rags hanging on the branches of barren fig-trees." On another occasion he was preaching on besetting sins, and when comparing these to obstacles in our path, exclaimed, "Let us beware of these stones by the wayside, lest they turn again and rend us." This brother once confessed as to his method of making sermons. It was at a local preachers' conference, and when asked as to his mode of sermon preparation, said, "I take my text and divide my sermon into three parts. In the first part I tell 'em what I am going to tell 'em; in the second part—well, I tell 'em; in the third part I tell 'em what I've told 'em."

This reminds me of the American preacher who, when asked the same question, replied that he "hunted out a text while the congregation were singing the hymn before the sermon." He gave out the text and said, "'My friends, this text teaches us three very solemn lessons,' and then," he concluded, "I hustle around to find the lessons."

There is often considerable rivalry among the members of chapels for official

positions; the appointment of a Society steward is the cause of some disappointment and jealousy to brethren who imagine that they themselves are far better fitted for the position than the man chosen. In a certain Society in a small town in Cornwall this rivalry was very pronounced between Brother Jones and Brother Smith (these are not the actual names). Brother Jones was wealthy, and had occupied all the official positions open to a layman in Methodism; and Brother Smith, though in humble circumstances had through intrinsic worth risen to similar heights. Hence it came about that the rivalry in this case came perilously near to jealousy, and for Brother Jones to propose anything at a meeting was a signal for Brother Smith's active opposition to the proposition; and in a like manner, if Brother Smith complained of the heat and opened a window in the chapel, Brother Jones would sneeze, turn up his collar, and finally close the window.

Now this Society met to consider some much-needed renovations to the chapel, and Brother Jones, being the wealthiest member, was expected to subscribe generously to the fund for repairs; but alas, by an unfortunate arrangement it was his rival, Brother Smith, who put the proposition to the meeting, which fact was quite sufficient for Brother Jones to strenuously oppose it, which he did, pointing out that he did not think the repairs necessary, and that he could subscribe nothing to the proposed fund. By a strange coincidence, whilst he was speaking a portion of the ceiling, which had long been



"The preacher looked surprised, but continued the story"—p. 33.

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out of repair, fell in and struck Brother Jones on his bald head.

After such "striking" evidence of the need for repairs he could not well continue his argument, so altered his mind, and in a somewhat grudging manner said that he would give £50; whereupon Brother Smith shouted out:

"Hit him again. Lord! Hit him again!"

A certain veteran preacher among the Wesleyans—Peter Mackenzie—in reading the third chapter of Daniel, invariably abbreviated the fifth

verse wherein are enumerated the instruments of the Babylonian band—most of them with hard names—to the "cornet, etc.," and when the names were repeated in verses ten and fifteen, said, "the band as before."

He was a lay preacher of the old order, who was admitted on to full plan without having read the prescribed "Wesley's Sermons," etc., who boasted of his lack of "book-learnin'," and who scornfully told a student of the new school, who was learning Latin, that "English was good enough for Paul—ain't it good enough for you?"

There was in the same circuit a veteran local preacher who always boasted that he "let the Lord choose his texts for him." He would open his Bible at random, and the first text that caught his eye was the one that he firmly believed he had been divinely directed to preach from. Somehow or other, he always managed to make his subject fit in with his text. On one occasion this good brother caused even the village congregation, that was familiar with his method of selecting texts, to ripple with laughter by solemnly announcing as his text, "Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man," and indulging in a fierce



"And now I turn to the thousands in the galleries"—p. 32.

tirade against the Darwinian theory. He ingeniously pointed out that man was now just as hairy and monkey-like as in Esau's time, and that now, as then, we find smooth men and hairy men.

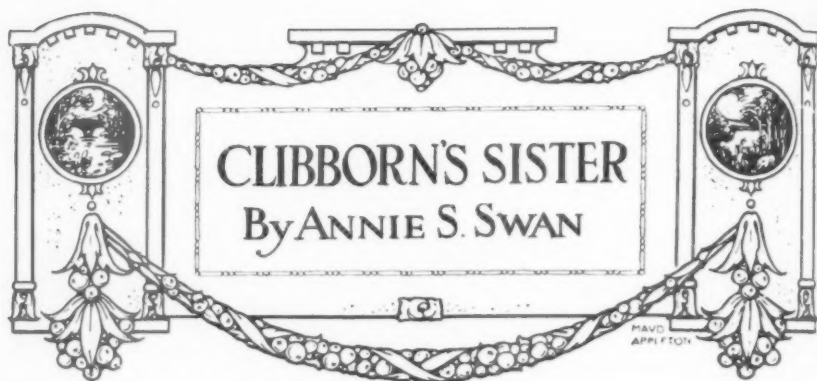
Stories of humour in religious life come crowding into one's mind until it becomes difficult to know what to tell and what to omit. There are stories of innocent but amusing little slips, such as that made by the preacher who was addressing the public meeting of a Sunday school anniversary, and re-

marked, quite unconsciously, "I'm glad to be here because this meeting has to do with boys and girls. *I do not forget I was a boy and girl myself once.*"

Then there was the preacher who never paused in the delivery of the sentences, and who startled his congregation by opening his service with hymn number "eight hundred and four ten thousand times ten thousand eight hundred and four."

And so one might continue telling stories, pathetic as well as humorous, of the romance of local preaching; stories of countless miles tramped through snow, hail, and rain, "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers . . . in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," beside the care of churches.

There are stories of failures—over which angels weep; stories of success—over which the angels in heaven rejoice; stories of seed scattered to the winds and falling on barren soil; and stories, thank God, of the hundredfold harvest.



MR. ROBERT CLIBBORN was a very angry gentleman indeed. As he walked up the slope of Streatham Hill he was positively red in the face, and his eyes blazed with a righteous indignation. He was a tall, slender person, immaculately dressed in the usual garb of the city man, accentuated in his case by particularly dainty neckwear and the gloss of his silk hat. Mr. Robert Clibborn, indeed, looked the embodiment of prosperity, and no one could possibly have imagined that his gross annual earnings were one hundred and ten pounds a year. But then he spent it mainly, if not entirely, upon himself, as we shall prove a little later in the story.

Mr. Clibborn was fond of saying that a man owed it to himself to make the very best of his appearance; also that appearances were half the battle, and sundry other trite sayings, which dropped glibly enough from his lips, as if he had manufactured them himself. As a matter of fact, Clibborn was not a manufacturer of anything; he was merely engaged in the counting-house of a large mercantile concern in the city, connected with the foreign export trade. He had entered the firm as a boy when his father died, and by steady work had kept his post and risen by slow degrees to his present salary. That he had not risen more rapidly was due to the fact that he had exhibited no special faculty. He had merely done without reproach the work for which he was paid. But Clibborn was entirely satisfied with himself, and had no doubt but that in the course of a year or two promotion of a more rapid and satisfactory kind would

come. He believed himself to be an asset to the firm, and was fond of telling how he was frequently made the emissary of certain communications to other firms solely because he was so very presentable. This was the yarn he spun at home for the delectation of his adoring mother and his slightly less adoring sister; up till now, apparently, they had accepted it all in the proper spirit. An invitation to dinner at Christmas time from Mr. Walter Hassall, the Managing Director, had confirmed Clibborn in his vanity and self-satisfaction. He had ventured on a dinner call afterwards on a Sunday afternoon in the full glory of his best attire, and had been invited by Miss Minna Hassall to stay to tea. Since then his air at home had been intolerable. Already he had soared in imagination to the day when, as junior partner, he might aspire to the hand of Minna Hassall, and thus reach the position for which he had no doubt that Nature had intended him.

That day, curiously enough, he had once more been made an emissary of his firm. Mr. Hassall had given him a message to take to his sister, just at the last moment as he was leaving the office. It was the nature of the message which had turned the small modicum of human kindness in Clibborn's breast to gall. The Clibborns, whose means were very slender, lived in one of a neat row of suburban villas on the crest of Streatham Hill. There was nothing to distinguish the house from its neighbours, except the extreme neatness of its exterior, the whiteness of its window decorations, and the shining brass furniture on the door.

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All this was the work of Jane, for the Clibborns kept no servant, and all the work of the house was done by her and her mother. Clibborn banged the front gate after he had passed through it, and made a great deal of unnecessary noise with his latch-key in the door. He had already thought of all the crushing things he would say to his sister, when he came face to face with her, which he did presently in the sitting-room, where she was making a bit of toast for the evening meal over the red bars of a very cheerful fire. The Clibborns had to be so careful, that in the afternoon the kitchen stove was let out and the evening meal was prepared on the sitting-room fire. Usually it was a very simple one, Clibborn being supposed to take his one substantial meal of the day at a City restaurant. But it was always dainty and appetising. Jane was a very clever cook, and in spite of the fact that she did not get on very well with her brother, whose airs she detested, and whose vanity she despised, she took pains that he should be properly fed. There was always something appetising for supper, some little dish which would accord well with tea or coffee or chocolate, which is the stand-by of the evening meals in many suburban households. But nobody knew except Jane and her mother what they had in the middle of the day, when they were supposed to be enjoying a good dinner. A glass of milk, and a bit of bread-and-butter, a scrap of fish or meat left over from the last night's supper, or a small omelette made by Jane's clever fingers; on such simple viands did the two women live without a murmur or any idea that they were badly served. They had learned by long practice the full and gracious art of going without. She smiled as she rose, a little red in the face, from her task, and, turning her honest, clear grey eyes on her brother, beheld the thunder in his.

"Mother has gone to tea at the Bet-tamys, and they're taking her to the Choral Union concert. I'm so glad she has the treat," she said quietly. Jane was not pretty—her brother had long since dubbed her plain—but hers was the sort of face, she was altogether the sort of personality, which a man loves to find in his home at the close of his day's work. She also possessed, though she did not know it, the gift for friendship. People loved her without

knowing why: she was so cheerful, so capable, so entirely blessed with common sense and, above all, so unmindful of herself. When you talked to Jane you forgot her, and only remembered that she was interested in you. The world has been conquered before now by that gift alone. But Jane had hitherto exercised it in a very small area, in the little chapel which was the centre of all her quiet friendships; and she was unaware of her power. She was not in the least in awe of Bob, regarding whom she had no illusions.

She thought him selfish and silly, and was often sorely angered at his disregard for their mother's comfort and convenience. She did not include herself, because she was aware that she might better herself by going out into the earning world. She guessed at once that it was her one little venture into the unknown that was now about to recoil upon her in Robert's righteous wrath.

"It's a good thing mother is out, Jane; then I can say what I like," he said menacingly. "It's a thing that needs and deserves a good lot of straight talking. Now will you tell me what you meant by applying for a post at Hassalls': how you dared to do it, knowing perfectly well, unless you're a bigger idiot than I take you for, that it would injure me? Perhaps that's why you did it!"

"I didn't think much about you at all, Bob, except in the abstract," she answered, with her usual quietness. "What has happened? Did they tell you they had received my application?"

"Yes; they did, and bid me tell you to call there to-morrow morning at half-past eleven, and our Mr. Walter will see you. But, of course, you don't go—not one blooming step, not if I know it. Do you hear, Jane Clibborn?"

"I hear, and if you will kindly tell me why I am not to go I shall be obliged," she answered in the same quiet voice, without any heightening of colour or other sign of perturbation.

"Well, because I don't choose that you should. That's my beat, and I should hate the humiliation of having you working there. You know my opinion of girls and women who work in City offices. I don't choose that a sister of mine joins them, that's all, especially in the very place where my reputation and prospects would be endangered by it."

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Jane gave a little laugh. She could not help it. Inside of her there was an immense capacity for fun, for seeing the queer side of things, which more than anything else had helped her to endure the monotony of her life.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Clibborn, in his most exasperated voice.

"At you. So you have laid your ban on the whole army of working women. How irresistibly comical!" she said, as she buttered the toast deftly, set it in the muffin dish, and put it down on the hearth. "Just wait a moment till I bring the kettle off the gas-ring."

Her unconcerned performance of her little duties, her light acceptance of his strictures, her complete failure to apprehend his point of view, increased Clibborn's anger, and brought out the nastiest edge of his temper. His mother had spoiled him as boy and man, and he had been accustomed to lord it at home, and to consider himself the pivot on which its very existence moved. Jane had never said much, and he had certainly not expected her to make a move on her own account.

She brought back the teapot, polishing its side with the corner of her muslin apron, set it on the stand, and covered it with the cosy which her clever fingers had embroidered. Then she invited him to sit down and take the cover off the supper dish.

He rudely declined.

"I can't eat. This beastly thing has got to be settled. Do you hear, Jane? You sit down, this very night, and write to the firm, regretting that you can't keep the appointment they have made."

"I won't," answered Jane quietly, as she drew in her chair and began to eat. She was hungry, because her mother being out, she had not troubled to make herself any afternoon tea, and it was now seven o'clock.

"You won't?"

"No; why should I? I've got to live, and I can't live here any longer. Don't be a silly donkey, Bob Clibborn. Sit down and take your supper."

She spoke as a middle-aged woman might have done to a foolish child, though she was actually her brother's junior by two years.

Clibborn brought down his fist on the table, and the crockery rang.

"Look here, Jane, you won't do it; you

can't! It's unthinkable. It would damage everything. I have the fullest hopes that any quarter-day I may get my promotion, may be told that I shall have an interest in the firm. It's been as good as promised. Oh, not in so many words," he added, seeing Jane's incredulous lifting of the brows. "You don't understand the ways of business, nor how the man who sits tight is bound to get on. There isn't any force on earth that can keep him back. And I'm getting on so well at Chesterton Terrace, too. Why, anything might happen any day!" Jane restrained her desire to laugh, because she saw that Bob was in quite real anguish.

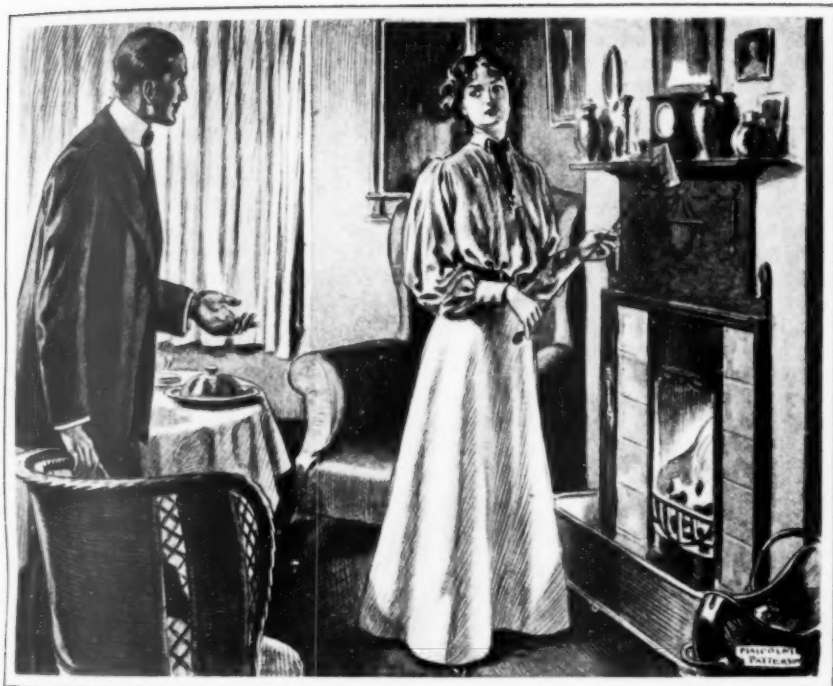
"I forbid you to go there as a secretary to Mr. Hassall. What do you know of the work, anyway? You'd be a miserable failure from the start, even if you got taken on. He's accustomed to the very best service, and won't take any other. What business training have you had?"

"I've taught myself typewriting, and shorthand, with a little help from Mr. Downer at the Grammar School, and I think I've got the business instinct."

"But what do you want to do it for?" he asked in the same menacing tones. "It's far more dignified and proper and more ladylike to live at home."

"More ladylike, is it?" she asked, with a slight curl of the lip. "I haven't had a new frock for over four years. Mother and I only get one decent dinner in the week, and that's only because you're at home. We owe about £17 in the High Street, and I skulk down it like a thief. You do precious little to add to the dignity of our lives. You don't even pay the sum you ought to pay mother for your board. Every penny you spend on yourself, and yet you presume to talk to me about being dignified and ladylike. I tell you, Bob Clibborn, I'm sick of it. I want to be a self-respecting working woman, not a drudge for a man like you. I am, to use your own phrase, fed up with you and all your ways. Now please sit down and eat, and don't let us talk any more about it. It's my last word, anyway, whatever you may say."

Jane spoke quite quietly, but there was a slow fire burning in her eyes which had the odd effect of cowing Clibborn for the moment. To his own no small astonishment he sat down and began to eat, and Jane



"Now will you tell me what you meant by applying for a post at Hassalls'?"—p. 37.

immediately turned the conversation into another channel, and absolutely refused to let him say another word about her application for the post of secretary to Mr. Walter Hassall.

When they had finished she began to clear away at once, and took her time over the washing-up in the scullery, not at all sorry for her outburst and hoping her brother would lay it to heart.

He smoked furiously over the evening paper, of which he did not read a word. Curiously enough, the bit that rankled in his mind was not so much her presumption in applying for a place at his office, as the home truths she had uttered concerning their family life. Nobody had ever talked to him so straightly before, and though sometimes his mother had looked a little anxious over her housekeeping accounts, she had never grudged him anything or even asked for a little more money from him. He felt ashamed to think how many weeks he had allowed to pass without offering

anything to the common exchequer, and how many meals he had eaten for which he had never paid. He had not only eaten them, but had grumbled over them, and Jane was perfectly cognisant of the fact. She had a big score to settle with him, and she was going to settle it with a vengeance. But who would ever have expected it of Jane? You never knew where you were with these quiet women.

About nine o'clock he put on his hat and overcoat and left the house.

"I'm going to fetch mother," he called through the kitchen door, and Jane stopped in the middle of her wood-chopping for the morning, to hear what he had to say. But he never offered to come and chop the wood for her. Her smile was a little bitter as she heard the closing of the hall door. It was half-past ten before they returned from the concert, and then Jane had gone up to bed, partly because her household duties compelled her to get up at half-past six in the morning, and she was a person who

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could not do without her sleep, and partly because she did not wish to face them again that night. She had no doubt that Bob had been discussing her and her presumption with his mother all the way home from the Town Hall. She was just getting into bed, when her mother, a little excited, her bonnet slightly awry on her head and the colour high in her round, comely face, came into the room with a little breathless gesture.

"Oh, Jane, Bob is most awfully upset! I felt sure he would be. Don't you think you'd better give it all up? Of course, it would be very nice to have a little more money coming in, and I appreciate your desire to help, and your cleverness in learning typewriting and shorthand and all that;

but you wouldn't like to stand in your brother's way, would you, dear?"

"No. I'm not going to do that, mother, though he has been standing in mine all his life," answered Jane, as she pulled the clothes up about her and, sitting up calmly, met her mother's fluttering gaze. "I don't see how, if I do my work well, I can possibly injure him. Bob's had his own way too long."

"Yes, yes; he admits that he may have been a little selfish. He is quite willing that you should go out anywhere but to Hassalls', and he has even offered me seven shillings a week, paid every Saturday. Don't you think it would be better if we considered it, Jane?"

"I'll tell you after I come back from Cornhill to-morrow, Mummy. Good-night now, for I'm most awfully sleepy, and half-past six comes soon enough."

Mrs. Clibborn retired with a little sigh to ponder the problem of her two children in her own room. Of course, her sympathy and her desire were towards her son, and she felt that Jane was acting with an unbecoming hardness. She did not go down to breakfast next morning, and Clibborn, coldly dignified, made no allusion to Jane about what might happen that morning, until the last moment after he had buttoned his overcoat and put on his gloves, and had his hat ready in his hand.

"If you do go down to Cornhill this morning, Jane, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you have put a spoke in my wheel."

"I'll find that out for myself," was all she answered, and was even amazed at her own hardness. She realised that it was a very sharp lesson Bob wanted, and that its administration had been delayed too long.

She arrived at the great block of buildings in Cornhill, where the offices of Hassalls', Limited, were situated, on the



"What salary do you want?"

CLIBBORN'S SISTER

stroke of half-past eleven, and was at once admitted to Mr. Hassall's presence.

He was a middle-aged man, of shrewd, clever, business aspect, and he came to the point at once with Jane Clibborn.

"I sent a message to you, Miss Clibborn, because I liked the letter you wrote applying for the post. You pretended nothing. It's a drawback that you have had no experience of business life, but then you have the chance of getting more quickly into our particular methods. What salary do you want, and how soon can you come in?"

"Oh, then you are willing to take me?" cried Jane breathlessly.

"I am taking you," he answered, good-humouredly, thinking what a pleasant face the girl had. "That is, if your terms are not too high."

"I haven't any terms. I'll take whatever you think I'm worth," Jane answered steadily.

"Then you can begin at twenty-seven shillings a week. I gave my last secretary thirty-five, but she had been here three years. And please to come in on Monday at nine o'clock sharp."

"Thank you, Mr. Hassall," said Jane, and, feeling herself dismissed, she rose to her feet, thinking how very little time there seemed to be to spare in the office or presence of Mr. Walter Hassall. But as his finger was on the button of the bell, she put a question which made him pause a moment.

"May I ask you something, Mr. Hassall? My coming here will not be against my brother's prospects in any way, will it?"

Hassall was a clever man. He read between the lines at once.

"Why should it? He is a hard-working fellow. If you work as hard and as conscientiously as he does, it should be good for him. Why not?"

"I'm glad to hear you say that. He was afraid it might militate against his advancement, that's all."

Hassall hesitated a moment: then made a statement which Jane had hardly expected, but which was perhaps justified by the circumstances.

"As far as advancement is concerned, Miss Clibborn, I'm afraid there is not much more in prospect for him, and I was thinking of telling him one of these days that if he can better himself he should. The modern business tendency is to conserve more and

more. I'm often sorry for the younger men: they have to wait so long. You should tell him to emigrate, Miss Clibborn. I'll tell him myself one of these days."

This statement somewhat saddened Jane on her return journey, but she did not retail that part of the interview to her mother.

To these two women a sudden increase of twenty-seven shillings a week to the family income was a wonderful thing. They spent the afternoon in planning how it was to be laid out to the best advantage. Jane was generous with it in advance. Her personal needs were to be few. The contrast between her use of her salary and the use Bob made of it was very great, yet it did not strike the mother at all. If it had, she would undoubtedly have answered that women had much less need for money, and that it gave them pleasure to use it all.

On the following Monday morning Jane Clibborn journeyed to town with her brother by the 8.15 train, but at the station said she would go into a ladies' compartment, as doubtless he wished to have his smoke and his paper undisturbed, except by the company of his usual fellow-travellers. Clibborn had assumed for the time being a long-suffering and mysterious air which alternately amused and irritated Jane.

When they alighted at London Bridge Jane beckoned to him.

"Bob, I want to speak to you just a moment. It will be much better if we act as independent units, and if you don't take the smallest notice of me during business hours. I should hate if you altered your habits even a hair's-breadth on my account."

"I'm not going to," Clibborn very nearly said but did not, while Jane went on: "Tomorrow I shall travel by another train, and I'll go out to lunch when and where I please. I shall probably get acquainted with some other woman who may be glad of a companion at the luncheon hour. And at night, too, I shall make my way home alone. I should much prefer it, and I am sure so would you, so good-bye."

She gave him a cool little nod, and before he had recovered from his astonishment had darted across the street. They did not meet again all day, and as Jane was relieved from her labours at half-past five she was at home at least an hour before him. As Clibborn was preparing to leave, Mr. Walter

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Hassall passed through the counting-house and beckoned to him.

"Your sister has gone home, Clibborn. I should like to tell you that she has had a successful day, and that I count myself lucky in obtaining her services."

"I'm glad," said Clibborn rather stupidly. "I was afraid her inexperience——"

"She's got what is worth most of the so-called experience in the world—common sense—the rarest gift, you may take it from me. Good-night, Clibborn."

Bob did not retail this conversation at home, and at supper-time he preserved an aloofness of demeanour which vexed his mother. But he abstained from any criticism of the food, and they talked of impersonal topics until he went out of the house to spend his evening, as he usually did, in the billiard-room of the local club.

From that day Jane was on a different platform, and he treated her with an increase of respect which amused her at times. But they never became intimate chums going to and from business, as they might have done. It was a very rare occurrence for them even to travel together.

Jane certainly looked a much happier woman. She loved her work, but at the same time she never lost her interest in her home. She it was who searched for and found an active and willing little girl to help her mother, and, again, it was Jane who paid. The marvels she was able to do with her salary, which at the end of three months was increased to thirty shillings a week, would, if told, be a guide for many young housekeepers. She had learned the utmost value of the small coin of the realm, and wasted nothing.

She developed the more independent self-respecting side of her, and became a most attractive and interesting woman. She had always been a reader; now she studied constantly in the train, and kept herself abreast of everything. She very soon forged further ahead than her brother, who was a type of a certain class of City man whose intellect seems to stop short at a certain stage of development, and whose life moves in a very narrow and selfish groove.

So a year passed away; then a time came when changes in the firm were imminent. A junior partner who had paid a considerable sum for his share was taken into the firm, and there began a great readjustment

of the internal affairs of the office—a weeding-out process, in fact, which caused a good many of the older employees to tremble in their shoes.

The day came when the fate of Clibborn had to be discussed.

It was discussed at some length in the board room at Cornhill on a Saturday morning, and about noon Jane was called to attend to her employer's private correspondence. She had no idea what had just passed, though she was sometimes conscious of a rather acute anxiety about her brother. Since she had joined the regular staff she had arrived at a great many conclusions concerning those who worked with her—among them, the rather painful one that Bob was by no means indispensable. But she hoped, with all her heart, that nothing would happen to disturb the even tenor of his life, because she knew very well that he had no initiative, and that if thrown out he might find it extremely difficult to obtain another billet. She was honestly sorry for him, because he had expensive tastes for his station, and nowhere in the world could he have had so comfortable a home at so little cost to himself. The house was his mother's, and Bob ate his meals at her table, without making any inquiry as to where they came from. Jane no longer cavilled at the injustice of it. She was only filled with a vast pity for the man, now thirty years of age, who had so little feeling of responsibility.

It struck her as she took down Mr. Hassall's words from dictation that he seemed abstracted; that his thoughts seemed to wander. She liked him very much. He had been so uniformly kind and considerate to her since she had come into his employment, that she was grateful, and showed that gratitude by an absolute devotion to his interests. But she had no idea that she had made any impression on him.

"Miss Clibborn," he said quite suddenly at the close of a letter, "you live at Streatham, don't you?"

"Yes, sir; 23, Gledhill Gardens, Streatham Hill."

"With your mother and brother, I understand—your mother being a widow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shall you be at home this afternoon? I should like to come out if I may, and put a call about four o'clock."

CLIBBORN'S SISTER

Jane looked very startled, but her colour did not rise.

"Very well, Mr. Hassall; my mother will be pleased to see you, I know, and I shall be home before you arrive."

There was not another word said, and shortly after two Jane left the office and made her way home as quickly as possible. She knew that Bob was going straight from the office to a football match at Tottenham, and that he was going to change his clothes at a friend's lodging in the City. So he would miss the visit of his chief, and could not possibly know of it until he returned at a more or less late hour in the evening.

Punctually at four o'clock, Mr. Hassall arrived at the Clibborns' house and was admitted by Jane herself, who was looking out for him. There was not a shade of embarrassment in her pleasant, quiet manner; but her smile was one of genuine welcome, mingled with pride because she had such a very presentable mother and such a pretty home. Jane herself had no idea of the luxury in which her employer lived, nor how the sight of the little narrow suburban house filled him with an immense compassion. Mrs. Clibborn received him kindly, and without flutter or fuss. She was pleased, of course, that her children's employer should come to call on her, and took it as a sign and token that they were giving satisfaction.

The tea-table was spread, and after the greetings were over Mrs. Clibborn asked whether he would take a cup of tea.

"And taste Jane's tea-cake! She's been in such a hurry getting it made before you should arrive," she said, with a little smile of pride. "Jane is such a housewifely soul, Mr. Hassall; she spends every spare minute of her time, even when she's tired, thinking out little improvements and doing things about the house. I have very good children."



"Oh, Mr. Hassall, pray what are you saying?"—p. 41.

Hassall said he was sure of it, and ate so much tea-cake that he had to apologise laughingly and tell them he had not had any lunch.

Jane was happy seeing her mother so much at ease with the man who was such a power in the City. Otherwise her equanimity was wholly undisturbed. She began to remove the tea-things, the little maid having gone home to the country for the week-end to see her mother; but even that did not cause Jane any regret. Rosie was apt to be awkward in moments of unusual excitement, and as there was nothing to hide nor any pretence to make about the little household, Jane did not see that it mattered who brought in tea. That was one of the points in which she differed from Bob, who had a habit of inflating everything pertaining to himself.

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After Jane had put away the things, and even washed up the cups, thinking to give her mother a little opportunity for conversation with their guest, she returned to the sitting-room, and could not but be struck by the expression of her mother's face. It was flushed all over, and she had a nervous look, as if Mr. Hassall had been saying something to upset her. She sincerely hoped he had not been telling her Bob would be dismissed. It would seem unnecessary cruelty to come to Streatham for that purpose, when a letter could so much more easily convey the disagreeable news.

"Jane, my dear, would you get your things on. Mr. Hassall does not know Streatham. He would like a little walk on the Common," she said in a voice which fluttered from her lips, accompanied by a tremulous smile.

"Oh, yes; certainly if Mr. Hassall wishes," said Jane, looking rather oddly at him. "But there is not very much to see at this season of the year. I always think it is prettiest in spring."

When there was no answer, she left the room, still with the odd expression on her face, and went to put on her things. About ten minutes later they left the house together, and Jane took him by a short cut to the open space, which was by no means a secluded walk on a Saturday afternoon.

"Of course, you wonder what I mean by this, Miss Clibborn," he began, with a strange abruptness. "Perhaps it would have been better had I explained myself in a letter."

"I thought it kind of you to wish to see my mother, that is all," answered Jane simply. "Though I was very much afraid just a few minutes ago that you were speaking to her unfavourably about my brother."

Jane had no anxiety concerning her own position, because she had received Mr. Hassall's assurance some time ago that no change could affect her.

"I should hardly have made an errand to Streatham to do that," he answered whimsically; "I may be a bit of a martinet, but I don't positively enjoy doing disagreeable things."

Jane laughed cheerily.

"I have never thought you that, sir," she answered quite simply.

"Why should you call me 'sir'? We are equals in some things; but in most you

are far above me," he said, rather quickly.

"You are my employer," she answered, with the direct simplicity which never left anyone in doubt about her meaning, and which, as it was never unkind, seemed to make one of her charms.

"Well, I needn't beat about the bush," said Hassall, with an increase of his abruptness. "I came out this afternoon for a definite purpose, and I won't go back without at least trying to accomplish it. Will you marry me, Jane?"

Jane stood still in the path between the gorse bushes, and looked at him with eyes in which a sort of terror lay. Her colour flickered in her face, and she looked altogether distressed, as if she thought the joke unseemly.

"Oh, Mr. Hassall, pray what are you saying? Don't you think we had better go back?"

"Not yet," he answered grimly. "You have known me a year—to be quite exact, just fourteen months—and we've met every day but Sundays. I know you well enough to feel that I want you for all the days of the week. I'm too old, perhaps! I was fifty-three last week; but at least I can offer you a clean record. I've never cared for a woman before, and I've never played at love-making. I do care for you, Jane. Will you be my wife?"

She began to walk on again, all her pulses bounding, and her face turned away. She was almost overwhelmed, but there was no doubt in her heart about her joy. The sun suddenly shone out with summer clearness on a winter day.

"I am a rich man," he went on, "and the money accumulating is of no earthly good to anyone. Come and help me to spend it, Jane. I was talking to your mother about your brother, too. We think it would be good for him to go abroad for a year or so to our branch in the Argentine, where we have a very good manager, who in the course of time would wish to retire. Your brother would be better for seeing a bit of the world. London office life paralyses a man. But why am I saying all this? These are side issues. It is you I want, Jane. Look at me and tell me whether I could, after a while, teach you to care! I am not versed in the art, but I'm very much in earnest."

CLIBBORN'S SISTER

It was not very long before Jane turned to him with great sweetness, and without a hint of coquetry or evasion gave him the answer he desired.

"You don't need to teach me. I care already."

* * * * *

It was about eleven o'clock that evening when Bob Clibborn returned to his home, to find his mother waiting up for him. Jane had already gone to bed.

"I went home with Sparkes to supper," he said, not apologetically, but simply to explain the lateness of his return. "Where's Jane?"

"In bed, my dear. Sit down quickly and hear what has happened. In your wildest dreams you could never imagine it."

Bob looked interested. He had lost 13s. 6d. at poker in Sparkes's rooms, and was feeling rather glum about it.

"You know I can never guess things. Tell me, Mater—I hope Jane isn't ill?"

"No; Jane was never better in her life. She's going to be Mrs. Walter Hassall, Bob."

Mrs. Clibborn threw an immense pride into these words, but Bob received them with a stupid stare.

"Eh, what's that?" he asked.

"You've had too many whiskies-and-sodas, Bob," she said severely. "I said

Jane was going to be Mrs. Walter Hassall. He was here this afternoon. He came to tea and stayed to supper, and he'll be here again to-morrow. He's going to marry her, and I never saw two people look happier in my life. Oh, Bob, what a thing for us all, and to think that it is Jane who has done it. You are to go to the Argentine at a big salary, and we shall all be better off just because of Jane. Dear girl. Never did anyone deserve it more!"

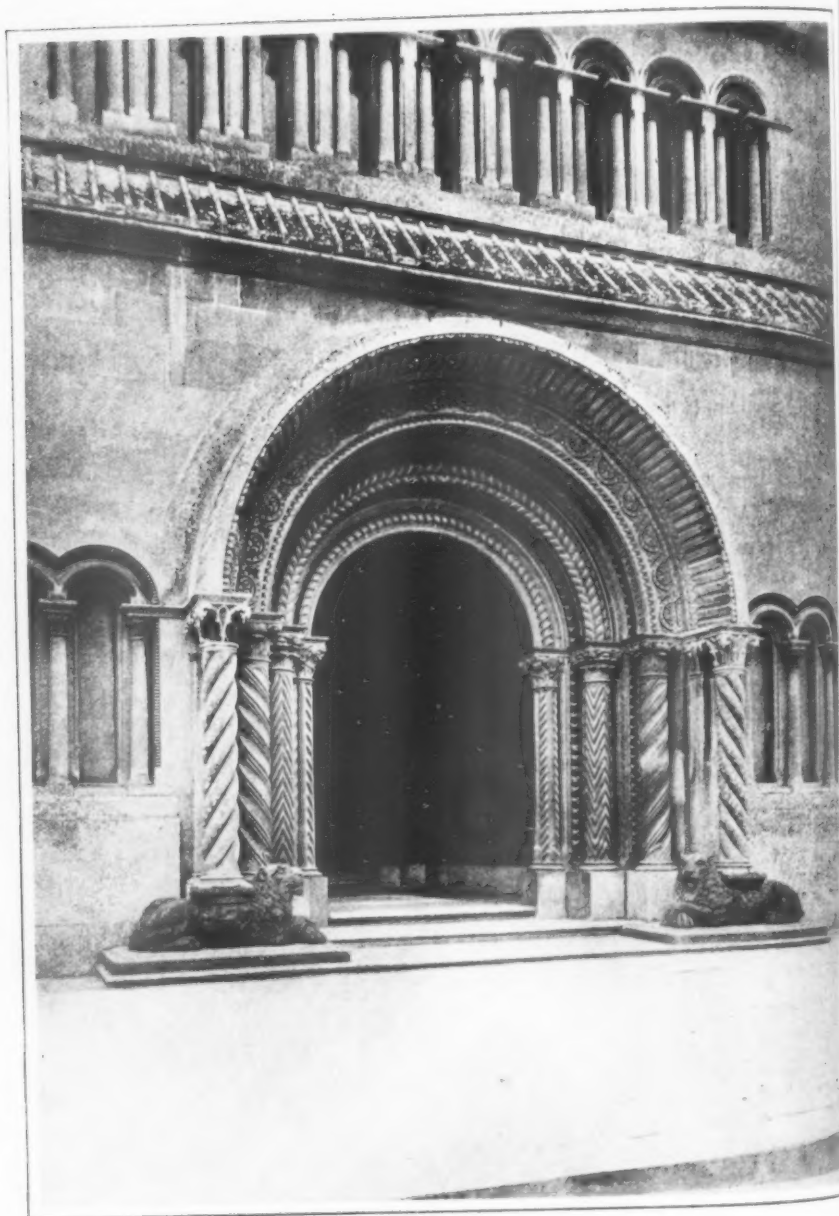
Clibborn rose rather heavily, and, reaching for his pipe, went out of the room and through the garden door to the little strip behind the house.

His nerves needed steadying. This awakening, while it was bitter, and in a sense humiliating, was likewise wholesome for him. With all his striving, all his brag and big talk, and belittling of his sister, what had he achieved? Nothing! Even now he would only be a pensioner on Hassall's bounty, on account of Jane.

Jane, so quietly doing each duty as it lay to her hand, seldom thinking of herself, had won. It awakened true manhood in Bob Clibborn for the first time in his life, and there, in the little suburban garden under the chill stars of November, he vowed that he would yet justify his existence.

Jane, all unconscious, laid her quiet head upon her pillow and fell into happy sleep.





(Photo: Pictorial Agency)

THE PORCH, WILTON CHURCH.

(Wilton Church, built by Lord Herbert of Lea and the Countess of Pembroke, in 1844, in lieu of the old one, is a splendid example of the Romanesque style, and is richly ornamented.)

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Sidelights from our Ancient Churches

By S. WILSON

Author of "The Romance of our Ancient Churches"

BESIDES the familiar features of serene arcades, shadowy aisles, arresting fenestration, and secluded chancels in our old churches, there are many subordinate items in each that give it a distinction from the rest. In some there are regimental colours, tattered and faded, around which heroes have fought in battles far off and long ago, no longer answering to the breeze, but hanging in pendent folds solemnly; or knightly banners that have waved on such fields as Flodden; or armour, worn perhaps at Poitiers, Crécy, or Agincourt, rusty and dusty and dented, maybe, but which nevertheless brings us in touch with the venturous, strenuous past. In others there are life-sized effigies, in stone, alabaster, brass, latten, or wood, of nobles, gentles and simples, prone and outstretched on altar-like tombs, some of which have similar presentments of their dames by their sides, and occasionally a row of their children in bas-relief on the frontals of the sepulchres below them, as well as the heraldic insignia to which they were entitled. More than ninety of such figures carved in wood have been counted in England and Wales, notwithstanding their occasional disappearance, and a very much greater array of stone examples still enrich the kingdom. In many another church there are sheets of brass let into the pavements, on which are depicted the forms and costumes of individuals they were intended to represent, or there are the matrices from which they have been plucked; and side by side with them are richly graven sepulchral stones marking the last resting-places of bygone inhabitants of the respective districts. All are of ineffable pathos. Just as George Herbert found Patience, Humility, and Confidence cemented together by Charity in the different stones of the church floor, so may we see in these memorials the great past as delineated by Froissart, Chaucer, or Malory. Sometimes on these

brasses two wives are represented, one on each side of their lord, as in Bromham church, and in very rare instances three; in Leek church, Staffordshire, the four wives of John Ashenhurst are indicated. Sometimes two husbands are represented, one on either side of the wife. In Sawbridge church there is a brass to the memory of John Leventhorpe and Joan his wife who are attired in shrouds and hold in their hands a heart apiece engraved with "Jesu, mercy."

Additional interesting items among the paving-stones are altar slabs charged with their five small brass crosses. When the order was issued for the substitution of wooden communion-tables for them, they were occasionally let into the floors and in that way preserved. These discarded slabs may be seen in St. Clement's, Sandwich; St. Giles', Oxon; St. Mary Magdalen, Wiggenshall; All Saints', Stamford; Westham, Sussex; and in Bolton Abbey church, among other places. In the parish church on Holy Island the supports of the old stone altar are still *in situ*, though the slab has not been preserved. Some of the original consecration crosses are still to be met with. We may see them at Wrexham, Tideswell, Cannington, Pembridge, and in the old Saxon church at Escomb.

Another distinctive feature is known as the low-side window. This is an additional window, most frequently in the chancel, at a different level from the rest, that is apparently an afterthought to the original scheme of lighting; and curiously in many instances it is bricked up or filled in, as though a day had come when it was no longer required. In some examples it is only an elongation of a window that was in existence before; in others it is but an additional single or double light; some are mere squares broken through the wall: and, again, a low double light has been noticed attached to a lancet window, as at Little Oakley. Upwards

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OODA'S CHAPEL, DEERHURST.

of a dozen hypotheses have been advanced to account for them, and experts (notably Mr. F. T. S. Houghton in Warwickshire, and Mr. C. A. Markham in Northamptonshire) have given them close scrutiny without arriving at certainty as to their intention. The nearest approach to a solution of the mystery occurs in a letter from Richard Bedyll (clerk to the Council of Henry VIII.) to Thomas Cromwell announcing that Whitford and Litell had been sequestered from hearing outward confession, and had also been ordered to wall up for ever in their churches the places where such confessions were held. But this is not convincing, as other theories rival it in feasibility.

In a few churches we come upon some small recesses supposed to have been made for the burial of a heart in the days when it was the custom to inter the heart separately from the rest of the body. In the north transept of Yaxley church a stone in the wall is carved with two hands holding a heart, to indicate such a burial; in the chancel of Botherford church a stone bears record that it covers the heart of Robert de Roos, whose body was buried at Kirkham, May 20, A.D. 1284. In Abbey Dore church a small effigy in

a recess indicates the burial-place of the heart of John Breton, Bishop of Hereford, who died in the year 1275.

Whether the old churches are "earthly" like those in Cornwall visited by Charles Dickens and his friends, or adiant, like those in Coventry, whose three tall spires seem to have inspired Tennyson to shape the city's legend into his iridescent poem, or the more massive

structures of the North that are built against the Scots, we are sure to find many other objects of interest that likewise tell us of former days. It is a pleasant surprise to come upon a book chained to a lectern, or to find a row of volumes on a shelf or table, and interesting to look into their identity, remembering Dr. Johnson's mention that the Bibles in use in the Welsh churches he attended when on a visit to the Thrales were in black letter, and not easily read by the curate. Many are Bibles, as at Chelsea; All Hallows', Lombard Street; and Stratford-on-Avon, among other places, but more are homilies, paraphrases, replies and answers, belonging to the times when



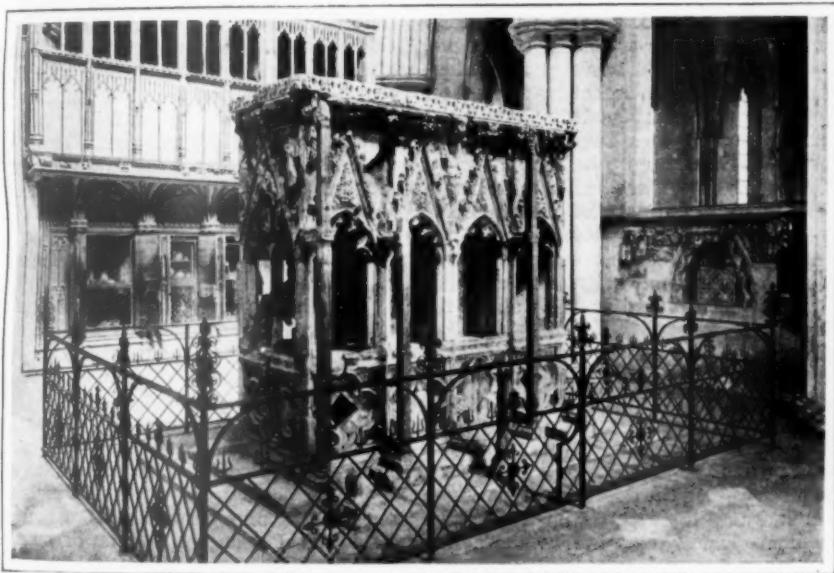
STONE CHANTRY IN BOXGROVE CHURCH, NEAR CHICHESTER.

SIDELIGHTS FROM OUR ANCIENT CHURCHES

the cost of a book made it inaccessible to most of the sovereign's lieges. Among these we find the works of Jewel, Hooker, Heylin, Harding, Comber, and a paraphrase of Erasmus. (The ardent Nonconformists chained Tillotson's Sermons to their communion table at Lydgate.) Another distinctive feature is a treasure-house, to be seen in St. Peter's Church, Sandwich; in St. Andrew's, Wells; and at Croscombe, in Somerset; also receptacles for valuables, consisting of tall, narrow cupboards, in which the jewelled pro-

There are many monuments to the passing changes of faith in the builders. Boxgrove church, near Chichester, has a chantry, built by Lord Lawar in the year 1532, which was intended for a tomb, but, as the Reformation came in 1535, the work was never finished.

Traces of stone Easter sepulchres are to be seen in about fifty churches. The soldiers that guard the tomb are shown sculptured on some of them. At Kingsland, in Herefordshire, tradition assigns as an Easter sepulchre an erection now



(Photo: Graphotone Co.)

THE SHRINE OF ST. ALBAN, ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY

cessional crosses were kept. In St. Mary's Church, Sandwich, we may see in the north wall one of the last-mentioned that is eleven feet in height. The very handsome example of a watching chamber in St. Alban's Abbey church, for watching the adjacent shrine with its riches, may have been used also for the keeping of valuables, for it is composed of two stages, the lower of which consists of a row of aumbries. In the recent great fire at Selby a fine example of a watching chamber was destroyed. Among aumbries we sometimes come upon one that contains a shelf.

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known locally as the Volchre Chamber. In some old wills we may notice there are stipulations that a benefactor's tomb should be used as an Easter sepulchre, and in others that benefactions should be distributed from them; and again, breadshelves are provided in some instances, as in All Saints', Hereford; St. Swithin's, Worcester; and St. Martin's, Ruislip.

Here and there we may find inscriptions. There is one that carries us back to the old Saxon times, over the south door of Kirkdale church. It has been deciphered by the late Canon Atkinson to read, "Orm Gamalson bought S. Gregorius Minster

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when it was all to-broken and to-fallen : he let it make new from the ground to Christ and S. Gregorius in Edward's days the King and Tosta's days the Earl." There is another of similar remote time in Jarrow church, telling that it was founded by Abbot Ceolfrid in the fifteenth year of King Egfrid, and dedicated to St. Paul on the ninth of the Kalends of May.

Ancient Anglo-Saxon chapels are occasionally being discovered. Towards the end of last century it was found that a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile south of Deerhurst church contained an old Anglo-Saxon chapel. This, when fully examined, was seen to consist of a nave, twenty-five feet by fifteen feet ten inches, and a chancel, fourteen feet by eleven feet two inches. It is believed that this is the chapel referred to in a Latin inscription on a stone that was dug up near by, in 1675, which says that it was built, in honour of the Holy Trinity, by Duke Odda in 1056, the fourteenth year of King Edward the Confessor's reign. This stone is in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and a replica of it has been placed in the wall of the chapel.

There are many more curiosities. We may view in them the faith of generations, or the tide-marks of past waves of thought, as well as the work of countless craftsmen in the days of yore, sometimes all "to-broken and to-fallen," as the Saxon mason carved on the doorhead of his Saxon church, but still giving testimony. There are hour-glasses belonging to the period when a sermon of less than an hour's duration was considered short measure ; there are repentance benches or seats ; dog-tongs, to pull dogs from below the seats of their masters when they followed them into the sacred building ; instruments of punishment, ducking stools and finger pillories ; mace-stands for the insignia of municipal authority ; bone-houses attached to some churches ; coffin stools and biers ; mounting blocks, known in the North as leaping-on stones, for the convenience of those in the congregations who came on horseback ; and great chests, either elaborately carved or roughly hewn out of lengths of tree-trunks.

Size is another matter of curious interest in relation to old churches. One is so small, at Hollington, as to have suggested

the thought to Charles Lamb to advise his friend Dibdin to go in the night and bring it away in his portmanteau and plant it in his garden ; and some are so spacious as to be easily adapted to cathedral requirements when occasions arise, as in the instance of St. Nicholas's Church, at Newcastle-on Tyne. Sometimes two churches are found side by side, as at Willingale, Essex, and Reepham, Norfolk. Crypts are not often met with in parish churches, but may be found occasionally, as in that at Bosham, the edifice depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry, and that at Bam-borough, where in the wide wind-swept churchyard Grace Darling is buried. Minstrels' galleries, too, are rare, and, like whispering galleries, are to be found only in the grandest of our sacred buildings. The minstrels sculptured on the example in Exeter Cathedral are playing on the cittern, bagpipes, clarion, rebec, shalm, timbrel, and cymbals. With their psalms of praise and prayer in the air, so to say, we can but be impressed with the sense of ecstasy of devotion they impart.

Though keeping in mind Ruskin's advice to a correspondent "not to chatter about traceries," it may be urged that all scrutiny of our old churches will be well rewarded. With search and observation we may find to-day the marks made upon the masonry by the Round-heads in sharpening their scythes, as at Yardley ; or by older warriors making their lances more purposeful, as at Ponteland and Elsdon ; or a group of bullet-marks where perhaps some military execution took place, or the more scattered marks where random shots were sent after flying foes, or doors riddled, as at Caldecot, Alton, and Pembridge ; or fissures made with cannon-balls, as at St. Sampson's, York. Besides the grace and the holy associations of the fabrics, we may see in them the attraction that made men, far from home, desire that their hearts should be buried in them, the romance that made crusades possible, the loyalty that sanctified battle, the faith that made the stake endurable. Like the tints that time has given their stonework, their settings in green churchyards, often shady with great trees, and made rich with lych-gate, cross, and sun-dial, as well as with monuments, add another charm.



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

THE CLOISTERS, WILTON CHURCH.

The White Rose

A Story of the Young Pretender

By HELEN WALLACE

Author of "Blind Hopes," "The Yoke of Circumstance," etc.

THE slumberous autumn sunshine lay broad and fair over the wide, tranquil land. The year was at its ripest moment. Summer had not yet gone, though autumn had come, but autumn only in its fruition as yet, with barely a hint of decay, and nowhere was the sunshine mellowed, and the warm hush of afternoon deeper, than in the quaint pleasure with its stiff, clipped shrubs, and intricate walks and beds, which stretched along the west front of old Finlarig House. To-day the Italian garden, as it was called, looked the very home of dreams, but as the gate clicked sharply, and a young man hastily entered, he seemed to bring in with him something of the jar and strife of the world beyond those lofty, enclosing hedges. The look of eager anxiety, of suppressed excitement, which he cast around him, was wholly at variance with the prim, old-world peace of his surroundings.

He seemed impatient of the tortuous winding of the mossy paths, on which his hasty footfalls fell silent, as he made his way towards the lower end of the garden where an archway, cut through the green, living wall of yew, led to an old orchard beyond. For all his haste he paused abruptly as the sound of voices came to him from beyond the hedge. His look of anxiety gave place to a sharp frown of pain and anger at sight of the picture which met him, framed by the green arch. And yet to other eyes it would have been a very charming sight. Youth and love seemed symbolised by the pair who stood beneath the gnarled orchard boughs.

The man, tall and dark, a fine, commanding figure in his riding-dress, was speaking with a passionate earnestness which sobered the winsome gaiety of his face. The girl was listening with hands clasped, lips apart, and eyes aglow. She was a slight creature, fine and delicate, from her slim feet amid the deep orchard grass, to the silky folds of her dark hair. In the dappled light falling through the scanty leafage above, her face

and neck showed lily-fair in their pure, clear pallor, disfigured by no daubing of crude red and white, as was the fashion of the day amid the fine town madams. But there was no coldness in that pallor—it seemed aglow with a white flame of enthusiasm—while the hazel eyes fixed upon the speaker shone golden.

Little wonder that to Alan Blair it seemed, as it would have done to the most indifferent onlooker, that he had intruded on that supreme moment, when heart flows out to heart, and two lives are welded into one. He had long dreaded that such a moment must come, but to have thus thrust himself upon it now—

He would fain have made his escape as silently as he had come, though he must carry the bitter knowledge away with him, but before he could take a backward step both man and maid seemed to become aware of an alien presence and suddenly faced round upon him. Alan was himself a striking figure, as he stood under the arch. His stately height exceeded even that of the other young man, to whom, in his fair Saxon colouring, he presented a complete contrast.

Left an orphan when a mere child, with an impoverished estate and amid grasping relatives, Alan Blair had become early staid and sobered. For the sake of an old and honoured name, and the memory of those who had gone before, he had restored the lands of Blair to their old prosperity, but he had, perhaps, sacrificed something of his youth to the task. He had ever looked older and graver than his years, except when he had been in the company of his little play-fellow, Marjorie Beatoun, and her cousin, Will Oliphant, for though the Beatouns and the Oliphants were keen Jacobites, and the Blairs staunch for King George and the Protestant succession, that had mattered little to boys and girls at play. But between the lads as they shot up into men the difference in principle began to tell, aided on Alan's side by sharper, jealous pangs. In

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the old days Marjorie had been a little queen, and both the boys had been her willing subjects, but as the years went on it had seemed to Alan that Will's easy homage had gained what he would himself have given his life to win, and such knowledge does not endear one man to another.

Now in this eventful year, "the '45," when rumours were flying about that the young Prince himself was coming to lead his loyal subjects—or to stir up a new rebellion, as the other side put it—a gulf had suddenly yawned between the two parties, and men were forced to range themselves with one or the other. Alas! for Alan, not even love could make him a partisan of the Stuart cause.

For a moment the three old playmates

gazed upon each other in silence, while Alan was bitterly conscious that he stood alone on the one side of that sharp dividing line, and the more so as Marjorie exclaimed:

"Oh, Alan, all would be well if you could rejoice with us. Will has brought the news!"

The news! The words brought Alan sharply back to the memory of his own errand, but if they gave an instant's relief, it was soon swallowed up again. If it were only Marjorie's passionate loyalty which had lit her face with that white glow of devotion, was he in much better case since he could not share it? But after what he had seen, was it possible to doubt that love and loyalty did not go hand in hand?

"You know already then," he said briefly; "I thought I might have been the first to tell you."

"Know! Know that the Prince has landed, that our future king has come to his kingdom at last, that his standard is unfurled! Yes, we know! As I say, Will has but now ridden in from the north to tell us, and to summon all true men to flock to the standard, and to fire the laggards and waverers, if such there can be, when the king calls them," uttered Marjorie in a high tone of exultation.

"Laggard you may think me—waverer I never was in what I thought right and best for our country," said Alan turning his shoulder upon Will. "I have but now heard the news, Marjorie, and I came to implore you to urge our father to caution—"

"My father!" laughed Marjorie joyously;



"The girl was listening with hands clasped, lips apart, and eyes aglow."

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"he would not thank you. The news has made him young again."

"For heaven's sake, think!" urged Alan. "Did he not suffer enough in 'the '15'? Lad though he was then, it has made him an old man before his time. Would you have him driven out of house and home—would you see Finlarig in the hands of strangers, or the hearth cold?"

"We are bidden give up house and land and dearer things for *His* sake, and the King is the Lord's anointed. Our cause is the Lord's cause," said Marjorie passionately.

"Your Whiggism must have cooled your blood, Alan, or else, as I ever said, you have too old a head for young shoulders," said Oliphant with a spice of disdain. "One is not wont to hear a young man preach caution, and if all waited till we were sure we were on the winning side—" he shrugged his shoulders. "Man, how can you hang back, when there is so much at stake?" he added, his tone suddenly catching fire again.

So much at stake. Not only the country's weal, but all that made life worth living was at stake. If ever he had had any hope of winning Marjorie's love, if ever he had had any chance against gay, debonair, daring Will Oliphant, he was parting with it now, Alan Blair knew to the bottom of his sore, burdened heart. Yet he did not flinch, hampered though he was by the consciousness of how poor a part the advocate of prudence plays.

"If I preach caution it is for my country's sake, and still more for my friends' sake," he said hotly.

"Some of your friends may think that a man has better things to do than to save his own skin," said Oliphant lightly.

Blair turned to the girl. "Marjorie, I cannot wish you God-speed," he said hoarsely. "I cannot bear to see our country's peace broken up, our recovered liberties threatened. I cannot bear to see the ruin that must fall on the best—the dearest; worse than ruin it may be. Think—think, while there is yet time."

"Think, think!" That is ever your word," cried Marjorie impatiently. "I will bear no more. The time for thinking is past, the time for doing has come, and I would fain you could have taken your share in it, Alan Blair. The day will come when you will wish you had. Yes, I can

prophesy too. 'The King shall have his own again,'" lilting the line. "There will be a court at Holyrood once more, ay, and in London town, and I shall wear the white rose there. Stay, I shall mount my colours now. I, at least, am not ashamed of them," with a low trilling laugh—a laugh of which she was barely conscious, and which was but the gay, dancing bubble on the surface of the deep stream of her hope and gladness.

She ran to a great bush of the common white rose which flourishes in every Scottish garden. Alan looked after her with troubled anxiety. To him, she seemed what the country folk called "fey." This strange gaiety, so foreign to her usual gentle dignity, seemed ominous of he knew not what.

The roses, though this hardy variety blooms late and long, were all but over. Only on the topmost sprays a few belated blossoms still lingered. Heedless of the thorns, Marjorie made a spring for one, but it was just beyond her reach, and bough and blossom swung back again.

"Let me get it for you," exclaimed Oliphant, hurrying forward.

"No, no; I have it," cried the girl, and making a final snatch at the branch, she caught it, pulled it down and broke off the rose. She made a motion as though she would have placed it amid the dark folds of her hair, but, changing her purpose, was about to fasten it in her breast, when the loosened petals, too roughly shaken, fell in a little soft, white cloud at her feet, and left her with the stripped thorny stalk in her hand.

For a second she stood absolutely still, staring blankly at the naked stem, and at a little trickle of blood oozing from her palm. Her face had blanched to the lifeless whiteness of these fading petals strewn the grass, her eyes were dilated and dark with terror. The two young men stood struck into silence. There was something tragic in this sudden quenching of that innocent joy. If there were aught in omens this one seemed to bode but ill for her soaring hopes.

Next moment Marjorie tossed the bare stalk lightly away.

"I was foolish to pluck one," she said. "Indeed, 'tis a marvel to see any roses left yet on the bush. They must have lingered only to greet our triumph. I will make me a more lasting breast-knot," glancing defiantly at Blair. "Now I must go tend my



"The loosened petals fell in a little soft white cloud at her feet, and left her with the stripped thorny stalk in her hand."

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hand, and you, Alan, may try your counsels of caution on my father, if you will."

As she turned away towards the archway, Oliphant caught the little bleeding hand and kissed it lightly.

"You are ever our inspiration, and now you have shed the first blood for the good cause," he said with an exultant laugh.

Blair looked speechlessly after her. It was but her hand now, but how soon might not her heart have to bleed?

Left alone in the old orchard, where beneath the hoary trees three children had once played, light-hearted and careless, Blair stooped down and picked up that stripped thorny stalk. If the falling flower had been a sinister omen for the wearers of the white rose, that blank stem was a fit enough emblem of what lay before him. And yet it had fallen from Marjorie's hand.

* * * * *

Up and down the Broad Walk beneath the windows of his great solid grey house, Alan Blair was slowly pacing. From the lower windows the light of many candles gleamed out, and the sound of loud laughter and jovial voices broke upon the stillness into which Blair had been glad to escape for a while. Such darkness as there would be on that June night had already fallen, and it was all the deeper because heavy clouds still veiled the sky, though the rain which had fallen all day had ceased at last. Still, through the dim twilight, he could see the tall gables and towers of Finlarig, perhaps because he knew so well where to look for them, and away beyond was the dark line of the sea. How often he used to watch for a light in the west gable, which told him that Marjorie had sought her own chamber. Now the old house was all dark amid the gloom—dark as his love's life must be, and what could he do to lighten that darkness?

Marjorie had gone to Edinburgh, and had shared in the brief triumph of the Stuart cause, when the High Street had shrilled to the pibrochs of Lochiel and Clanranald, and rung with the trumpet blare which had proclaimed King James VIII. at the Mercat Cross, while Holyrood had awakened from its long sleep, and with many another fair Jacobite, she had worn the white rose, as she had said, and had danced proud and light-hearted in the great gallery.

But since then—ah, since then, how Blair's heart had been wrung for her as the

news had reached him of Derby, of Preston, of Carlisle, of Falkirk, and last and worst of all, over the northern hills there had come two months ago the ghastly tale of the slaughter at Culloden.

Her father and her lover, for so Blair believed Oliphant to be, had not been heard of since. They were not among the prisoners, and if still in life, they must be skulking, like their Prince, somewhere in the wild Highland fastnesses, a price upon their heads, and scant hope of mercy or prospect of escape before them. And Marjorie herself—

A pebble rolled from out the thick belt of trees which sheltered the house from the sea winds. As Blair paused a moment a second pebble, better aimed, fell at his feet. It must be some signal, and with a sudden wild hope at his heart, he moved into the deep shadow of the trees.

"Come nearer," whispered a voice, which set all his pulses leaping, "I must not be seen."

"Marjorie!" he uttered. She was but a shadow amid the shades, though even through the darkness, her face, under the dripping hood of her cloak, showed white—white as those fading rose-leaves, which had once strewed the grass around her feet.

"I have come back," she said slowly and bitterly. "The omen of the falling rose was but too true. Its leaves are scattered to every wind that blows. You were right. The hearth at Finlarig is cold, it will soon be ours no longer, but oh, Alan, my father is there, he is ill, perchance dying," a dry sob shaking her slight frame.

"Sir Andrew at Finlarig! Great heavens, this is sheer madness!" cried Alan in spite of himself, as a louder gust of voices and laughter came from the lighted windows. "Listen! That is Captain Blakeney and his men. I have kept them here for days on the pretext of better entertainment than in an empty house, but to-morrow they go to take possession. I cannot stay them longer."

Marjorie drew in a quick breath. "Then it must be to-night," she said steadily. "Oh, Alan, I know 'tis madness, but they hoped the very madness of it might be their safety. There was no chance of escape from the west, every loch and bay is watched, but they knew of a ship lying in the firth here, and they made their way home by



"I have nothing to give you—but this. At least it is the flower of hope"—p. 59

night, God knows how, and hiding by day. But they have been cruelly hindered. What a young man might do, my father could not, and now—and now—the ship is gone."

"They!" broke in Alan hoarsely. "It is Will Oliphant you are asking me to save."

"Yes, for he might have been safe and free now, if he had left my father to fend for himself. Would you have me hold such a service lightly?" said Marjorie bravely. "I am bound to plead for him as well as for my father—for the sake of old days, the good old days, when we were all hains together."

"Say it out; say, 'Save him for my sake,' " burst out Alan passionately.

"For my sake, then—so be it—I will even say that, if it will move you," said the girl almost coldly, but Alan was beyond noting the change in her tone, nor did it strike him that there was less fervour in her pleading for Will than in her entreaties for her father. Suddenly her voice broke.

"O's, Alan, I trusted you; I came here so

sure of your help——" She could say no more, she was at the end of her strength.

Alan Blair caught hold of a branch of the tree beneath which they stood, and the tough bough bent like a sapling in his grasp, as the storm of pain and passion swept over him. The woman he loved was praying him for the life of the man whom she loved! How could he say her nay? With his own hands he must slay his last faint hope.

The lighted windows rattled to a sudden burst of cheering. "Confusion to all skulking rebels; may they soon fill the halts that are waiting for them!" shouted a gay young voice.

In the chill, dripping darkness Alan felt the girl beside him shudder. It was no time to think of himself—his love, his longing, and his unutterable loss.

"What man can do I will do. You may trust me," he said, and the simple words said more than the most passionate protest. "If they are well plied with wine yonder they will not miss their host," nodding towards the yellow candle-flare from the tall, narrow windows. "Ere dawn we must

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convey your father to the salters' village at the point. Poor wretches, their huts are little likely to be searched, and there is a smack loading up with salt, and we can hasten her despatch. 'Tis a miserable place, and it will be a rough passage for a sick man, but 'tis the best I can think of, and needs must, since the dragoons will be in Finlarig to-morrow."

Unseen in the darkness the girl's slight figure swayed nearer to him, then a slim hand slid into his and trembled there for a moment.

"I knew I could trust you," breathed Marjorie, and vanished into the darkness ere he could speak again.

* * * * *

The brief summer night had all but gone; dawn was at hand, though the growing light was still veiled by the haze which hung over the widening firth. Through the mist a huddle of low huts loomed dimly, and rising amidst them were the tall chimneys of the "salt pans," where the sea-brine was evaporated into coarse salt. Sunk in abject poverty, far beneath that of the peasants who wrung a hard living from the fields, the salters had for generations come to be regarded as a race apart, with whom their neighbours had but few dealings. Blair knew that they would ask no questions as to his doings, and that he might safely count upon their silence.

At the end of the rough jetty lay a crazy boat, half filled with sacks of salt, amid which lay a cloaked figure—the old laird, whom, with haste and toil incredible, Blair and Oliphant, aided by one old servant, had conveyed from Finlarig, in the all too short hours of darkness. He had seemed wholly spent when they had reached the shore, yet already the salt breath of the sea, speaking of life and freedom, had kindled a new light in his sunken eyes.

Oliphant, an erect, gallant figure still, in spite of defeat and privation, was giving some last directions to the one or two slouching men about the boat. On the half-seen smack, lying a bowshot out, they were already hoisting the sail for the breeze that would come with the dawn. The last moment had come, and that last moment Blair felt that he must claim as his own. As if Marjorie tacitly recognised his right she moved a step apart.

"See what I have brought with me from

Finlarig. You saw me pluck the last in autumn, but another year has brought new blooms," she said with a faint smile, and she drew from under her muffling cloak a white rose, half blown and just opening from the bud.

Blair looked from it to her, and something like a groan burst from him. Wan and weary though she was, and worn by devouring anxiety, her delicate face showed no longer the dead whiteness of the fallen rose, but something of the lovely, living bloom of the expanding flower.

"Oh, Marjorie, poor child, poor love; do you still hope?" he cried.

"I shall give you the answer of the Martyr-king himself. 'While I breathe I hope,'" she said, lifting her head proudly; and then with a sudden break in her voice: "And you might do worse, Alan Blair, than take that as a motto for yourself."

She turned away her head. The hood of her cloak drooped over her face. Blair could not read her look.

"But I do hope," he said gently. "I cannot hope for your cause, even now I must say the truth, but there are other hopes. Your father is already revived, I hope for health and peace for him and—happiness for you." The words stuck in his throat.

He had saved Will Oliphant's life for Marjorie's sake. Even in exile and in a foreign land no doubt happiness would bloom for them again; but with Will standing there, waiting to hand Marjorie into the boat that was to bear her to a new life, he could say no more.

"Happiness!" echoed Marjorie, somewhat drearily, "when we are leaving home and country and all behind."

"*All!*" struck in Alan fiercely, his eyes fixing on Oliphant who was signalling impatiently to Marjorie.

"No, I should not say *all*," she said contritely. "I have my father, and he needs me sorely, and in such service there is ever some sweetness."

Blair did not speak, but he flashed a look of accusing scorn from Oliphant to Marjorie. Where was the need of such subterfuge now? Her eyes followed his.

"And I shall have a kind brother," she added, "though I know not if he shall be much with us."

"*Brother!*" Blair's voice rang hard and

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bitter, and then suddenly he met Marjorie's eyes. A veil was swept from before his own. He saw the truth at last.

"Marjorie! Is it—can it be true?" he gasped, overwhelmed by the sudden revelation.

There was a cautious hail from the smack. Oliphant made a hasty step towards them.

"I am risking my father's safety and yours too. I must go," said Marjorie, hurrying the words lest sobs should come instead. "You have done everything for me, Alan; I can never thank you—oh, how poor words are! I have nothing to give you but—but this. At least it is the flower of hope."

She put the rose into his hand and darted away towards the boat. The men bent to their oars as those who know that every moment is precious. As the boat touched

the smack's side, far away in the east over the unseen sea, the chill grey mists flushed crimson. With the coming day came the wind of morning. The great brown sail of the smack flapped and filled, the water rippled and gurgled round her foot, as slowly she gathered way and slipped away towards the growing brightness and the open sea, towards

"Winds that are wild and waters that are free."

While a tiny kerchief flickered white against the dark sail, Alan Blair stood like a man transfixed, overawed by his sudden bliss. Though the sea might roll between him and Marjorie, it was but for a time: they were severed by no impassable gulf. He need treasure that leafless stem no longer. The white rose of hope was in his hand, and the red rose of dawn was flushing the sky and heralding, not only a new day, but a new life.



THE GLOAMING HOUR

GOOD-NIGHT, good-night, dear Land of Light,

Another day is over,
The misty gloaming softly creeps
Across the fields of clover.
It wraps the hills in purple dusk,
And veils the dewy meadows,
Where once the sunlight brightly gleamed
We see a world of shadows.

Good-night, good-night, dear Land of Light,
We loved thy radiant splendour,
But wearied now, we gladly greet
The darkness, hushed and tender;
It bids us rest a little space,
With ne'er a doubt or sorrow,
For He who gave a bright To-day
Holds in His hand To-morrow.

MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.

How Shall I Study the Bible?

A Tract for the Times

By THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON

In this first article the Bishop asks why, in spite of the universal testimony to the value of the Bible, it is not at present more generally studied. He gives some reasons, and then treats of some of the practical difficulties in the way of the intelligent and useful study of the Bible. In the next article (in the December number) the author will deal with the Davidic authorship of the Psalms, the Creation Story, etc.

IN the Coronation Service the Bible was handed to the King with the words: "Here is the most precious thing which the earth contains." This is an ancient and national recognition of the value of the Bible. Will it be said that this is a relic of old and obsolete ideas? That can hardly be, for modern testimonies to the value of the Bible are plentiful and various, and men whose views were looked at as doubtfully orthodox have joined with their opponents in acknowledging the power and preciousness of the Bible. I need not cite their words. Some will remember how, in describing the debt which Europe owes to the Jew, Renan spoke glowingly of the Bible as the climax blessing which had been handed down by the Semitic race; many will recall the earnest words with which Huxley pleaded for Bible teaching in the schools. Here were two men—one in France and the other in England—who could not be accused of biased minds, who gave warm testimony to the value of the Bible.

The value of the Bible, then, may be admitted; but here arises a question which must sound like a paradox: How is it, that in an age in which this value is so freely admitted, the Bible is less studied than formerly? This may be doubted; and, indeed, I am ready to admit that there never was a time when Bible study was more sedulously pursued, and in which experts in various lines of learning were devoting so much time and attention to the investigation of matters closely connected with Bible history, Bible criticism, and Bible interpretation. But notwithstanding this happy activity in the homes

of scholarship, I doubt whether the Bible is generally read and studied as it used to be. Many explanations may be given of this fact. It may be said, and truly said, that the feverish demand for the inclusion of so many subjects in the school code has crowded out Bible instruction; it may be pointed out that a mistaken zeal for impartiality has connived at the omission of the Bible as a subject in the study of which teachers ought to be trained; and there would be truth in these explanations, I think; but beyond these there is another explanation to which I wish to devote some special attention. Is it not the fact that a notion is abroad which deters many from undertaking seriously the study of the Bible? Is it not thought that the ordinary reader is not sufficiently equipped with knowledge or critical skill to gain much from such a study? Does he not often say to himself: "I hear so much of Bible criticism, and I gather that there are so many difficulties of interpretation, and such divergencies of view among learned men, that I, who am but poorly furnished with learning, can never hope to profit much by reading my Bible. I have no Greek or Hebrew at my command: I cannot hope to discriminate between earlier and later versions of Bible stories: I have little literary skill, and I should distrust my own judgment if asked to decide where history ends and poetry begins; so altogether, I think it best to leave alone a study in which profitless bewilderment might be my only recompense?"

Now it is just this attitude of mind which I wish to combat; it seems to me to be unworthy and needless; unworthy because, with the recognition of the genuine value

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of the Bible, the courageous heart ought not to be daunted by difficulties; needless, because the helps to the right understanding of the Bible were never so abundant or so accessible as they are to-day. The results of critical investigation, the last discovery of sidelights on Bible story, are put at public disposal in cheap and easy form; and the humblest student to-day stands in a better position for understanding the Bible than did the well-trained scholar of a hundred years ago.

There is really no need for postponing the study of the most valuable book in the world, when the best helps to its interpretation are being brought within the reach of the proverbial man in the street.

There arises, therefore, the more practical question: "How shall I study the Bible?" Let us suppose the person who is

How Shall I . . . pose the person who is
Read the Bible ? willing to begin, and who desires to make a truthful and careful study of the Bible: let us suppose that he wishes to get from the books of the Bible their real message: and let us try and answer him when he asks us: "How shall I read the Bible?"

Now this question may refer to the spirit in which the Bible should be read, or to the method of reading it. I want to keep these two points separate; it is important to do so, because a great deal of confusion of mind was caused at one time by the failure to note the distinction between them. People disputed with one another on the problem whether or not the Bible should be read as we would read any other book? There were those who maintained that it should; there were those who were dismayed, and declared that to do so was a profanation: the Bible ought to be read, so they claimed, in a wholly different fashion: it was a book apart—unique; it required to be approached in a unique way. Now, it never occurred to the disputants that they were talking about two different things: one party was defending the idea that the Bible should be read with reverence, as it was designed to teach us heavenly truths; the other party would not have denied this, but they were claiming that we ought to bring to the study of the Bible the same intelligence, the same impartial

judgment, the same industrious care that we should bring to the study of Shakespeare, or Newton's "Principia," or Plato's "Republic"; they were convinced that sometimes the plea of reverence was used as a sedative of the understanding, and that mental dullness in Bible study was encouraged under the sanction, or supposed sanction, of devoutness. The one party was thinking that a frivolous or captious spirit would lose the message of the Bible through lack of reverence; the other party was thinking that the message would never rightly be grasped unless the mind was vigorously at work when the Bible was studied. The spirit of inquiry is not irreverent, for it can never be irreverent to ask what is the true meaning of what I am reading; the spirit of true devotion can never be sleepy, for devoutness, no less than the love of truth, will earnestly desire to reach the message of spiritual help.

It is quite true that we may, in our search for literary beauty or for matters of critical interest, lose sight of the profound spiritual lessons which are clearly set forth; it is well, therefore, that we should, in reading the Bible, establish for ourselves a clear and simple method of study, asking ourselves first: "What does this mean?" and next: "What does it teach?"

Having premised this much, we may go on to the other aspect of the question: "How shall I study the Bible?" We have somewhat anticipated our answer; for clearly our first aim must be to answer the question: "What does this passage or book or chapter mean?" I can only study the Bible rightly by understanding its meaning; and this means that I must be able to realise the significance of each portion as I read it.

Now I can only do this when I know what it is I am reading: the meaning of any piece of literature is dependent upon the kind of literature it is. Let me give an example. Suppose we came across the following:—

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on; not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd, pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone: fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare; bold Lover, never, never canst

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thou kiss, though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve; she cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss, for ever wilt thou love, and she be fair."

Now what meaning could we extract from these words? Should we not vainly plunge in empty guesses, and flounder in contradictory interpretations, as long as we imagined that what we

were reading was a passage of serious prose? Would not light begin to break upon our minds when we discovered that the passage was poetry, and that it was an ode commemorating the beautiful sculptured forms on an urn of Greek workmanship? Look what gain this knowledge would bring to our intelligence: first we should arrange the lines in poetical form, and we should read:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair."

Then we begin to be aware of the musical quality of the passage: we catch the cadence; we hear the occurrence of harmonious syllables; but more than this, our minds, if I may use the illustration, change the gear; we shift our standard from the prose to the poetical standpoint; we are prepared for turns of the imagination, for the suggestive rather than for the definitive phrase. Next we picture to ourselves the vase or urn with its story told in relief; we mark that it is a scene in which pastoral music would be heard; we look, but we hear nothing; and yet in imagination we can hear the clear notes of the pipe that the shepherd lad is playing; the tones do not reach our bodily ears, but a sweet and simple melody begins within our souls; it is a melody endowed with a lasting power. As long as the sculptured figure of that shepherd lad is there upon the urn, the spectator who possesses sympathy and imagination will fancy that the strains of his pipe are heard: winter may come, but the trees beneath which he sits will keep their leaves. And this other shepherd boy, who is depicted pursuing his sweetheart—poor sculptured lover, he will never reach her! Yet she, graven there, will never fade; the

lover sculptured there will remain the lover, and she whom he loves will never lose her beauty. The whole scene depicted on the urn is clear: the passage which at first was to us incoherent, almost meaningless, is seen to be beautiful, striking, pathetic; it arouses our fancy, it touches our human feeling.

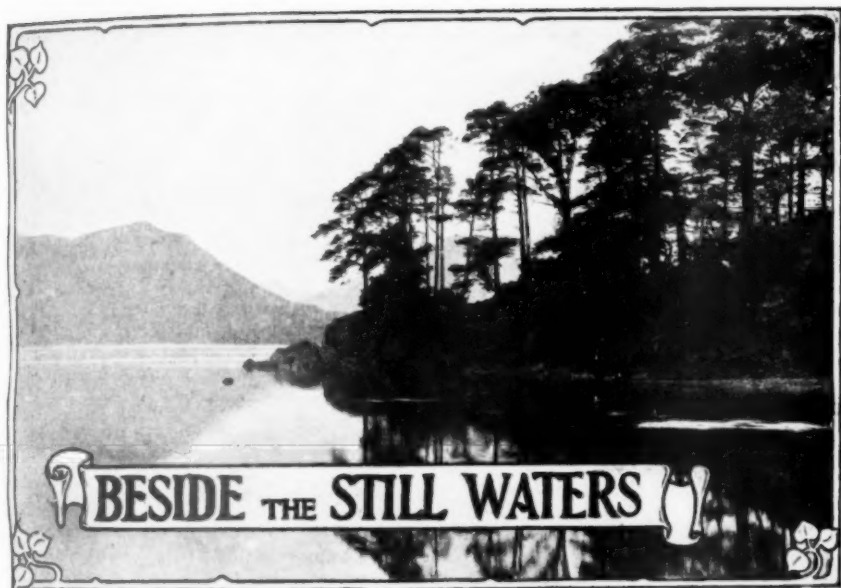
Is it not clear, then, that the first requisite for the understanding of what we read is to know what it is, and to be able to class it as prose or verse, as history or allegory, as fact or fable? But it is precisely here that the Bible reader often places himself at a disadvantage: he does not take the trouble to make the preliminary investigation, and to ascertain what it is he is reading. Herein lies the difference between reading and study: reading to be worth anything ought to mean study; study demands inquiry concerning the nature of the work we mean to read. Therefore it follows that if we are to deal fairly with the Bible and with ourselves, we must resolutely set ourselves to classify each portion of the Bible in its proper place, and read prose as prose, poetry as poetry; we must ascertain where each piece of literary work begins, and where it ends; we must mark off our reading, not by the chapters and verses—though these may often help us—but by the natural opening and closing of each piece. Sometimes an ode is included in the text of a narrative; we should study the ode as a separate piece, and then note the fitness of its introduction into the story.

We have thus reached one stage of our inquiry. To those who ask "How shall I study the Bible?" our answer must clearly be: With intelligence enough and diligence enough to know what kind of work you are reading, for in the Bible are many works, and works of many kinds, and there is sound sense in the old couplet:

"In every work regard the writer's end,
For none can compass more than he intend."

We may, indeed, introduce our own views, and read into a work ideas which the writer never dreamed of, but clearly and beyond all question our first duty is to try and grasp what the writer did intend, for all interpretation outside that intention is doubtful and precarious.

*When the
Student does
not Trouble*



(Photo: P. Trapp.)

The Divine Whisper

THE call is loud ! Earth's honours wait ;
Its golden prizes meet the gaze,
And eager crowds are rushing on
Amid the blaze and 'neath the blaze ;
Deaf to the mandate, " Be thou true ! "

But here and there in crowded way
A pilgrim wends him toward his goal,
Pressed and alone amid the strife,
Within his secret faithful soul
He hears the whisper, " Be thou true ! "

And so he walks the higher way,
And learns the meaning of his choice,
Beyond the reach of change and spot,
Through the Divine eternal voice
That whispers on, " Be true ! Be true ! "

MARY R. BALDWIN.

Looking for the Best

DO not think of your faults, still less of others' faults ; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong ; honour that, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it. For the rest you will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. If, on looking back, your whole life should seem rugged as a palm-tree stem, still, never mind, so long as it has been growing, and has its grand green shade of leaves and weight of honeyed fruit at top.—J. RUSKIN.

Borrowing Trouble

I SAW a delicate flower had grown up two feet high, between the horses' path and the wheel-track. An inch more to right or left had sealed its fate, or an inch higher ; and yet it lived to flourish as much as if it had a thousand acres of untrodden space around it, and never knew the danger it incurred. It did not borrow trouble, nor invite an evil fate by apprehending it.—H. D. THOREAU.

Happiness

TO make anyone happy, then, is strictly to augment his store of being, to double the intensity of his life, to reveal him to himself, to ennoble him and transfigure him. Happiness does away with ugliness, and even makes the beauty of beauty. The man who doubts it, can never have watched the first gleams of tenderness dawning in the clear eyes of one who loves—sunrise itself is a lesser marvel.—H. F. AMIEL.

OH, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort, of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.—MRS. CRAWK.

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The Hidden Treasure of Humanity

HIS eye seeth every precious thing. Ah, what a poor thing is this humanity! So commonplace, so dull; sometimes so ragged and hungry; sometimes so stupid and mean; sometimes so cruel and bad. How hard it is to find in many people any promise of any goodness, any possibility of any worth. But lo! our God bends over us, and to Him this humanity is infinitely precious. To Him it is a pearl of great price, for which He hath given all that He may purchase it for His own.

Alas! how often is this the sigh of our heart—"I am no good—mere waste." Here is comfort and hope for such a one. Dear soul, this is our God—not only when we get up amongst His angels, made pure and holy, doth He count us precious. But in you, in me, our God sees such promise and possibility that for us He gave His all that He might have us and enrich us with His own beauty. Come to Him; give yourself up to Him. Worth nothing to ourselves, worth little to others, to Him we are worth more than any can ever tell. God can turn you to a glorious worth and use, if you will but simply and honestly give yourself right up to Him. *His eye seeth every precious thing.*
—REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

The Rest We Seek

*If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.*

*If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.*

*If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

LET us be silent as to each other's weakness; helpful, tolerant, nay, tender towards each other; or, if we cannot feel tenderness, may we at least feel pity.

If we wish to do good to men, we must pity and not despise them.—H. F. AMIEL.

How Happiness Comes

THOSE who have the most of happiness think the least about it. But in think-

ing about and in doing their duty happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe.—W. M. THACKERAY.

Continuity

THERE is not one word in the Bible which gives us reason to suppose that we shall not be in the next world the same persons which we have made ourselves in this world. If we are unjust here, we shall for all we know, or can know, try to be unjust there; if we are filthy here, we shall be so there; if we be proud here, we shall be so there; if we are selfish here, we shall be so there. What we sow here we shall reap there.—C. KINGSLEY.

Charity

THE little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

At Eventide

FAITH without work is vain; faith without rest is impossible. The long day tires the sweetest patience, strains the strongest nerves. Then come the hours of quiet and rest, when men may look up to God and renew their strength. The sunshine may tempt a vigorous worker to self-reliance. Even though under the shadow of a great trust, the worker begins to feel sure of himself as he sees the work growing beneath his hands. Yet no worker is safe until he is also sure of God; and that sureness he learns in the silence when the day is done. As he lifts his eyes from his work to the stars, the peace of the stars comes back upon him, and soothes him into deep thoughts of eternity. God's gifts are not over when the sun sinks in the west. Into the silence that follows He continues to pour them; for He giveth to His beloved sleep. The faith that would be strong must learn to fold her hands and bend her knees as well as ply her tools; she must sit with Mary as well as serve with Martha.—JOHN EDGAR MCFADYEN.

Percy Bagshawe's Development

By EDWARD CECIL

"BAGSHAWE is getting a little thin on top."

The casual remark floated down the staircase, and, reaching the vestibule, reached also the ears of the man concerning whom it was made, who had stopped there to light a cigar. Middleton had a clear, highly pitched voice. It was well known in the Barcastle Club that he was often overheard when he had no thought that his voice carried. This time, coming down the winding stairway of the old-fashioned building, he had seen Bagshawe putting on his hat.

"Yes," replied his companion indifferently, "like the rest of us, he suffers from Anno Domini."

And Bagshawe heard. He stepped out hurriedly into the November night, spurred by a sudden unreasonable dislike of Middleton, and a distinct disinclination to be overtaken by him.

"I am not even middle-aged yet," he told himself emphatically, as he began to walk briskly, buttoning up his overcoat. "I'm not a mere youth, of course, but I keep myself fit. 'Pon my word I haven't noticed that I am getting stale—in the least. Middleton is rather a talkative bounder."

So ran his thoughts as he strode down the hill.

Percy Bagshawe had passed his thirty-seventh birthday. At that age a man is young or old according to what he is. He is old for a bachelor, young for a married man. It is middle age for the man of sedentary habits, not more than the maturity of youth for the athlete who keeps himself in trim. It is an uncertain, uncomfortable age for many men.

Bagshawe found it so.

"Hang it all, I'm not middle-aged yet!"

He spoke out his thoughts to the silence of the November night, so firmly did he believe the truth of his assertion.

Did he not play hockey and golf, tennis and cricket? Does a middle-aged man play such games? Moreover, he played them really well. His eye was clear and steady, his hand firm, his muscles in good order, his limbs quick and supple.

"I haven't taken to carpet slippers yet," he reflected with a grin.

And still in his ear Middleton's remark seemed to linger:

"Bagshawe's getting a little thin on top." It was quite true.

After all, a man cannot say he is still a youngster when he is getting near to forty. And it would not be very long before he was forty.

Too old at forty! That was the fate of many men in various walks of life.

His cigar was spoilt. He was walking along the main street of Barcastle now. A totally new perception of himself was coming to him.

He neared home. He walked past the gate. He seized the new thought by the shoulders and stared in its face. His first emphatic denial began to seem hollow and unreal.

He turned back, went in, drank a glass of whisky and soda, and went to bed.

For an hour he lay awake.

It was a grey hour with him, that hour when *for the first time* he really faced the fact of his age, and considered what he was and what he had achieved in life.

That casual remark of Middleton's had gone, suddenly and unexpectedly, to the very root of his life. It meant a sort of moral earthquake for him which he had to face, as most of the deepest crises of life have to be faced, alone.

* * * * *

If it is possible, and it certainly frequently seems that it is, for a man turned thirty-seven to consider himself still young, the same cannot be truly said of a woman.

But Barcastle, like many another country town in England to-day, sees the spectacle of women of thirty summers and more masquerading as girls. They fight hard. For the most part they strive to find their anodyne in athletics. But they know the truth all the time. They never have the comfort which bachelors have of being unconscious of their birthdays. They play a part with much skill, but always with their eyes open and their wits alert.

Julia Penny-White knew what it meant

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when she turned thirty and remained a spinster. It meant something serious.

People said she remained delightfully young. That was easy enough to accomplish, *in appearance*, but not at heart. She played golf and tennis, she rinked and danced, she made the most of her superb health. She even kept, treasured in her heart, that most perfect of all preservatives of youth, a romance. She remained light-hearted to the world, but to herself she told the truth. She was now young not naturally, but artificially.

And on that Sunday afternoon in November when she waited alone in the drawing-room of that comfortable home of hers, The Elms, Barcastle, for that which she had in truth waited for so long, she did not mistake the false for the true, or disguise for herself a very unpleasant fact. She was honest with herself now in the crisis of her life. And few women are that.

The door was opened. Percy Bagshawe entered, and she rose to meet him.

"Six feet of handsome manhood."

That had been one of her first thoughts about him.

He was that still—touched, she fancied, that afternoon, with a flash of insight as their eyes met, with a new and becoming dignity.

They had been sweethearts, they had flirted with each other, played golf together, danced together, and he and she as partners in the "mixed doubles" had won tennis tournaments till winning them became almost monotonous. They remained the best of friends. They had been so many things together. But they had never been that supreme thing which they might have been—lovers. They had nearly been that ten years ago. But somehow their lives had been too comfortable, their usefulness to each other too satisfying, their friendship too pleasant a thing to be exchanged for anything else involving a risk. And Bagshawe had never asked that they might be more together than they were in the easy, comfortable life of the well-to-do society of Barcastle. That afternoon he had come to ask, as Julia believed, that they might now be man and wife.

Bagshawe walked across the room and they shook hands.

"I think I am punctual," he said, smiling, as the clock on the mantelpiece struck three.

She also smiled.

"Yes," she said. "You must have timed yourself exactly."

He must have walked from Northgate House to The Elms, she reflected, hundreds of times.

He sat down beside her on the Chesterfield, facing the brightly burning fire.

It was very pleasant in that spacious room, with its big window looking over the garden and upon the lawn where the best tennis in Barcastle was played. It was very pleasant to look round that room, with its chintz-covered easy chairs, its flowers, its prettily arranged tables. It was very pleasant to Bagshawe to hear Julia's quiet, well-modulated voice, and to drink in for a moment the sense of satisfaction which came from the view over the well-kept old-world garden, from the bright pleasant room, and from the presence of that typically English, open-air girl, with whom he had always been on the best of terms.

"I don't think Anderson has ever had better chrysanthemums," he observed, looking at the flowers.

"No? Certainly they are very good. But you have seen much the same several years. Last year's were a failure, I admit."

Thus they fenced, and the hands of the clock moved forward. For nearly a quarter of an hour they discussed Barcastle news, the usual talk of coming social events, the contents of the week's local paper, the probable truth about some pieces of gossip.

"It's just the same as it always is—the town of ours," said Julia at last. "The old story—something is always happening, but nothing ever happens."

And Bagshawe agreed, and silence fell between them.

Then Bagshawe, after something more than a due interval, disclosed the reason of his call.

He looked at the girl he was going to ask to be his wife, and wondered why, in the name of common sense, he had not asked her before. She was looking her best. Her colour was a little higher than it usually was. She was dressed well. She had done her hair to perfection. Her regular, aristocratic features were composed. They had lost the plumpness of girlhood and gained distinction. Julia Penny-White was a well-bred, well-educated, young, well-polished English



"He felt uncomfortable after Julia's sweeping away of the conventions"—p. 68.

lady, and Bagshawe patted himself on the back. He had made the right decision, he told himself, after all.

"I have come to ask you a plain question, Julia," he said. "It's a very important question—I mean the answer is very important for me. Will you take me for what I am and be my wife?"

Julia Penny-White, who would not have been surprised ten years ago had Bagshawe asked his question then, listened and reflected that he did not make his proposal badly. It was obviously sincere and straightforward. Perhaps it was a little deliberate and uninspired. But there was a touch of quiet fervour. Her pulse beat a little faster.

But she did not move a muscle. She must have heard. But she gave no sign that she had done so. She neither raised her eyes

nor lowered them. She did not move her hands.

Bagshawe was puzzled. What ought a man to do under such circumstances? The first chill of misgiving crept over him.

"Will you be my wife, Julia?" he said desperately. "I think you can trust me—I think—I think you must know me pretty well."

Then she looked up.

"Why have you not asked me this question before?" she asked, in a quiet, steady voice.

"Well," he urged, the chill of misgiving growing, "I ask it now."

"That is not an answer," she said. "Why have you not asked me this question before?"

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"That is not an answer," she said, "Why have you not asked me this question before?"

"I do not know. What does it matter, if I ask it now?"

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"It matters—everything."

His hand moved to capture hers, but it wavered and hesitated.

"Everything! Do you mean that you are going to refuse me?"

"I mean that I want to know why you have not asked me this question before. You have had scores of opportunities."

"I do not know."

"But I know why you are now asking it."

"Well—why?"

"Because you are beginning to feel old; because you are realising that after all even you must come sooner or late to the carpet-slipper stage; because, like a wise man, you want someone who will warm those slippers for you and make you comfortable."

Bagshawe stared. It was the most astonishingly direct speech he had ever heard Julia make.

"No," he said; "I love you."

"No," she returned with a smile, "I think you love yourself. Let's be candid."

He protested that he loved her.

"I cannot believe it. For how long have you been doing so? When did it begin, ten years ago or ten months ago?"

She looked him straight in the face, her eyes perfectly steady, though her cheeks grew pale under the stress of her emotion. And Bagshawe, strong man though he was in body and limb, seemed almost to shrink back from her gaze.

"I do not know what you mean," he stammered.

"Well, let us be explicit. You have known me for ten years. I think I may say you have known me very well. You have even paid me attentions. You and I have long enjoyed what might be called a Platonic friendship. Now, quite suddenly, you ask me to be your wife. Why?"

He recalled his experience of amateur theatricals and almost saved himself in her eyes.

"For a simple reason," he said, with well-controlled fervour—"because I love you."

She almost yielded, and then remembered what the real truth was.

"Come," she said with a dry little smile, "is not the truth something like this? You have had an easy, pleasant life—plenty of food, plenty of play, plenty of flattery, plenty of successful achievement in the open-air world of sport. You have had scores of friends; a few intimate friendships like our

own. You have enjoyed splendid health; you have reduced your golf handicap to scratch, to take but one instance. And you have seen no reason to change your life. Why should you? Now, at last you have reflected that you are getting old. You would like to 'settle down.' And you come to me to ask me to make that eminently wise resolve of yours possible. You call that loving me. I think I might call it loving yourself."

"It is rather an extraordinary view of things you are taking, Julia."

"Well, is it? Look at my side. I have given up the ten best years of my life waiting for you."

This was, in truth, plain speaking, and Bagshawe felt it to be so. It savoured of a new generation of women—a new yeast of thought. He had not expected it. It nonplussed him. It might be true, but it was hardly decent. Yet it was bravely said.

"I did not know," he said, weakly and more or less untruthfully. "How could I guess?"

He felt uncomfortable after Julia's sweeping away of the conventions.

"But it is so," she said steadily. "I have decided to be quite candid. It is only fair, since I am going to refuse your offer of marriage. You see I have thought it all out."

He retired upon his dignity.

"What are your arguments?" he said.

"Well, in the first place, you have wasted the ten best years of our lives. That means a great deal, if you are brave enough and clear-sighted enough to think it out. Secondly, I am not to be made a convenience of. You have enjoyed yourself in a selfish, heedless way till at last it has dawned upon you that you have been wasting time and have not been building up in the things of life which really matter. Thirdly, I am proud enough to feel that if I marry I must marry because—well, because I am first and foremost, figure head and motive power, in the life of the man who asks me. I can give everything if I am given everything."

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that Bagshawe was frightened as every word of this speech sank into his consciousness. Yet in a blundering way he rebelled against Julia's remorseless analysis of the

PERCY BAGSHAW'S DEVELOPMENT

situation between them. In common with hundreds of men of his class and upbringing, he did not expect a girl to think and reason in the way in which evidently Julia had been thinking and reasoning, and upon such matters. It was for him to decide such things, for him to ask for marriage; for her, to assent or refuse and to rely upon him, not for her to think out and reason and dictate. She took a grossly exaggerated view of his motives, he felt sure.

So he got up, drew himself to his full height, and buttoned his coat. He had to do something, and the action was appropriate.

"So you refuse me?"

"Yes—you have come too late."

"I hope we may part friends."

"Certainly. Why not?"

At the door he turned.

"I suppose this is final?"

"Quite. You will see my point of view if you'll try to see it."

And she rang the bell for him to be shown out.

And he walked away from The Elms that Sunday afternoon, repulsed, thwarted, and surprised, as he had never been before.

He made a somewhat characteristic observation to himself as he walked down the drive, to the effect that it would be a serious thing for the world if women began to think for themselves as Julia had been thinking. He was quite blind to the injustice he had done her. In his pique he classed her with the Suffragists. He smarted under his rebuff.

And Julia, alone in that pleasant drawing-room, stirred the fire. She felt the reaction from the moment of crisis, and drew some comfort from the cheerful blaze.

The old saying that things were always happening but nothing ever happened had been applied to Barcastle, and everyone who knows the small country towns of England will realise the point of the application. But soon after Christmas, early in the New Year, something of quite respectable importance and magnitude did happen in that typical town of the Home Counties.

Sir Julian Penny-White was one of the chief inhabitants of the town. He was a wealthy man. His patronage was eagerly sought for; his opinions on all local matters carried great weight. Every morning he

travelled by the fast train up to London, and every evening he returned by the 5.30. His motor was as common an object in the streets as his carriage had formerly been. The Elms was pointed out to strangers as his residence.

When the crash came in the City, therefore, and it came to be bruited about in Barcastle that Sir Julian was a ruined man, everyone was staggered. But nobody believed that the news was literally true. Events proved that it was.

The event which really brought home to Barcastle the extent of Sir Julian's losses was the sale of The Elms in the late spring. Its announcement created something like bewilderment in the town.

Into the failure of the group of companies with which Sir Julian Penny-White was connected it is not now necessary to enter—it has been fully discussed in all the London papers. It is not even necessary to describe that famous three days' sale at The Elms, when, thanks to the generosity of some friends and the curiosity of others, everything fetched extravagant prices.

But it is necessary for our purpose in following the development of Percy Bagshawe to visit the Penny-Whites after the debacle, in their retirement at Cove-ton-on-Sea.

There, on the Norfolk coast, they settled down to live in restricted but adequate comfort, which contrasted oddly with their former splendour.

In place of a house with spacious grounds they had a villa with no garden at all; in place of rooms of dignified size, and in number which no one ever troubled to count, they had exactly a dozen rooms, every one of which was square, small, and—with the exception of the two attics, which were hardly rooms at all—uniform with another above or beneath it.

Into this retirement Julia entered with a cheerful courage which made the conditions bearable. For her father, with a title and about three hundred pounds a year to live on, it was a tragedy. For her two younger sisters it meant a loss of prospects which was appalling. But for herself it meant salvation in finding her vocation. It was her business henceforth to look after her father, to see that, though she could hardly afford it, he had his *Times* every morning, to help him write his letters to that paper, which were frequent and, because

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of his name, occasionally published; in short, to keep his mind occupied. It was, in the same way, her duty to look after her sisters, to "manage" their clothes, to keep them satisfied, and to induce them to fit themselves to earn their living.

In this way a typewriter was shepherded into the house, and Marian Penny-White set about qualifying herself for a post as lady secretary to the first public man whom her father's influence could induce to employ her. At the same time, Violet began to study that newest phase of genteel feminine employment, landscape gardening. With

shrewd sense Julia avoided literature and governessing. Thus, out of the wreckage, Julia began to build up a structure for the future. And thus she might have become one of those good women who give up their lives for others and find their happiness in wisely and carefully securing that those whom they take under their wing should be happy.

But at the same time that all this was happening something else was going on. Percy Bagshawe was gradually developing into a new man. And one January day, fifteen months after his proposal and rejection, he journeyed down to Coveton and called on the Penny-Whites.

It so happened that no one was at home. Sir Julian was at the Club, where, indeed, he spent much of his time. Miss Marian and Miss Violet were in the town, and Miss Julia had gone out for a walk along the cliffs towards Hoveham. All this Bagshawe learned from the maid. He had found out all he wanted to know. He lost no time, and, after asking his way once or twice, was soon walking quickly along the cliff path. Two miles from Coveton he overtook Julia.

She turned and saw him, stopped, waited, and held out her hand.

"How good of you to come down and see us!" she said cordially.



"Violet began to study that newest phase of genteel feminine employment, landscape gardening."



"I hope I have redeemed myself a little in your eyes."

"I have come to see *you*," he replied gravely.

"Yes?"

They walked on together, the wind fresh in their faces, the past vivid in their thoughts. Julia was in revolt at the cruelty of his visit.

"I have left Barcastle," he announced.

"Left Barcastle!"

She was taken by surprise.

"Yes. Shortly after you refused me I wrote to my brother in Yorkshire saying something had opened my eyes to the fact that I was a sort of respectable loafer, and suggesting that I should join him. He answered that he had twice as much work as he could do, and was thinking of taking a partner. His practice as a solicitor had overgrown itself. You may remember I qualified ten years ago. Well, he and I are partners now, and I can assure you I put in more than an eight-hour day. It's a smoke-stained, grimy district near Leeds, rather a change from Barcastle. But I find it pleasant."

"I think you have done well," said Julia quietly.

"I hope I have redeemed myself a little in your eyes."

"Yes, if you care to know it, you have."

"I am glad to know it—for I have come to ask you the same question I asked you fifteen months ago."

"I am sorry you have come for that."

Apart from everything else, she felt sure he had come in pity.

"I have learned to know myself a little better than I did once," he urged. "I know what I am doing."

"You must know that it is more than ever impossible."

"Why?" he asked remorselessly.

"Since you come because you pity me. I must be candid."

"You are quite wrong. I intend to show you that you are."

He looked out over the sea, choosing his words, and for a space they walked on in silence.

THE QUIVER

"Do you remember telling me that I had wasted ten years of your life?" he asked at last.

"I think I said ten years of *our* lives," she corrected.

"I've come to see that it's quite true."

"Oh, don't let us talk about it!" she exclaimed, suddenly stung into showing her feeling. "It's all done and finished with. What point can there be in stirring it all up?"

"A good deal of point," said Bagshawe. "I want to drive my arguments home."

"Oh," said Julia stopping, "this is intolerable!"

"I mean it to be. For when I said I loved you that Sunday afternoon at The Elms it was untrue. As you showed me, I only loved myself. But it is quite true now. You and I have ten years to make up, and we've no time to lose."

She gazed at him in amazement.

"What has happened in these fifteen months to make this change in you?" she demanded. "You have not even seen me!"

"No; but I have discovered what love means. 'Everything for everything,' I think you said it was. Well, I can make that bargain now. I want to give you *everything*. I want to make up, I want to—well, I want to begin——"

He stopped at a loss for a phrase, but Julia knew that he wanted to begin life afresh from a new standpoint, and that she was now essential to him. He meant also that he now realised that there were ten years lost and that the loss was his fault. And, at the same time, she saw clearly that, however it might have come about, a miracle had happened. He *had* changed. He was not the aimless man now that he was in Barcastle. Instead of being incapable he was now capable of giving love which was of the best and truest quality. Her pulse quickened. However impossible marriage between them might be, she had yet conquered. Not only had Bagshawe changed, but it was she who had changed him. Then, crushing everything, came the

dead weight of the sheer impossibility of her marrying him.

"I cannot listen to you," she said, controlling her voice to the dead level of natural conversation. "I have started a new life, just as you have; I have my father and sisters to look after. Besides, it's no good sighing for something which, after all, has slipped through our fingers."

But Bagshawe was not to be denied. Moreover, he had thought it all out.

"Listen to me," he said. "You think I am giving now more than you can give. You think I am well-to-do, whereas circumstances have made you poor. And you think, therefore, that I am asking you to marry me in something between pity and kindness. It isn't true, but let's pretend it is. Isn't it right that I should make up for the harm I did you over those ten years of foolish frittering away of our time?"

She did not answer him.

"Well, that's the first point. Now for the second. You say you must look after your father and sisters. I say *we* must do that, and *we* can do it much better than you *alone*."

Then rapidly he explained that as his wife there would be a position for her in the world as well as in his heart. He was "well off," as she knew, and he was in treaty for a good house up in the North, near Leeds. Moreover it was he who, acting through others, had bought much of the furniture and ornaments and pictures at the sale at The Elms.

"You see I had then already made up my mind to win you," he said. "If you will share my home, you'll find many things which are old friends."

Suddenly she looked up. Tears had gathered in her eyes.

She had come to despise the old Bagshawe, but the new Bagshawe conquered her. The fresh breeze from the sea blew against them, and it seemed to carry away with it the cobwebs of the past.

"Come," said Bagshawe smiling, "I am going to dry those tears."

And he did so.



The Home

Department



A WEEK'S MEALS

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

NOTICE

WITH the commencement of a new volume of THE QUIVER, I am beginning a series of articles entitled "A Week's Meals," each one to deal with one typical week for each of the months of the year.

Many of my correspondents during the last three years have written, expressing, most kindly, their appreciation of the practical cookery recipes and suggestions which have appeared in these pages, and I trust that this new series will be both interesting and helpful.

In arranging the meals, I am allowing for a family of four—father, mother and two children—at a cost of about 8s. per head a week; presuming that the children dine midday, and the parents alone partake of supper. It will be noticed that in most cases the evening meals consist of "made" dishes, which can generally be prepared at the same time or immediately after mid-day dinner, and that a dainty supper awaits the bread-winner *without* the accompaniment of a "cooked" wife!

Owing to lack of space, it is impossible to give recipes for all the dishes in the menus, but I shall be delighted to supply to inquiring correspondents any that are not published.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank my readers for their kind wishes, so often and so cordially expressed, and to assure them of my best endeavours on their behalf.

A WEEK'S MEALS IN NOVEMBER

Sunday

Dinner.—Roast rolled ribs of beef, Yorkshire pudding, baked potatoes, brussels sprouts. Apple tart, custard.

Supper.—Cold beef, potato salad. Sago blancmange, baked pears.

Monday

Dinner.—Vegetable soup, fried sprouts and potatoes. Apple tart, custard.

Supper.—Tossed beef, mashed potatoes. Sago blancmange, jam.

Tuesday

Dinner.—Minced beef, boiled potatoes. Stewed pears, rice pudding.

Supper.—Meat balls, stewed celery. Cheese pudding.

Wednesday

Dinner.—Irish stew (paper-bag cookery). Cake pudding.

Supper.—Grilled cutlets, baked tomatoes. Coventry pudding.

Thursday

Dinner.—Mutton broth. Half-pay pudding.

Supper.—Boiled rabbit with onion sauce, boiled potatoes. Stewed prunes.

Friday

Dinner.—Baked haddock. Prunes and rice.

Supper.—Fish pie. Fried slices of Half-pay pudding.

Saturday

Dinner.—Re-heated rabbit, boiled potatoes. Plain boiled rice and golden syrup.

Supper.—Stewed kidneys, potato mould. Stuffed apples.

THE QUIVER

Roast Ribs of Beef

There are two reasons why a rolled joint is more economical than one which is cooked without the bones having been removed; first, soup made from uncooked bones contains more nourishment and has a better flavour than that made from bones that have been roasted with the meat; and, secondly, a rolled joint is carved in slices which are cut straight across the meat, and each helping contains a fair proportion of the best and less choice "cuts." Thus, the whole joint is disposed of, and there are no wasted ends as in the case of an unboned "roast."

The butcher will, if requested, take out the bones and secure the meat with skewers and tape, but the housewife should examine the joint before it is cooked, as additional fastenings are often desirable. The modern way of baking meat is not so good as the old-fashioned method of roasting it before the fire, but as all the houses built during the last fifty years are fitted with close ranges we must accommodate ourselves to existing circumstances, and eating "baked" meat is one of them. A hot-water baking-tin (i.e. one that is provided with a receptacle for the purpose of holding hot water) gives the best results, but if this is not to hand and the ordinary baking-tin must suffice, the meat must be stood on a raised stand, for if it is allowed to lie in the dripping the joint will become sodden and unpleasant to the taste. Put the beef into a very hot oven for five minutes, then draw out the ventilator in order that the steam may escape. Ribs of beef are generally rather lean, and the meat is much improved by being spread thickly with dripping before it is placed in the oven. The usual time allowance for cooking meat is a quarter of an hour to the pound and a quarter of an hour over. Frequent basting is essential. Ten minutes before serving place the joint on a hot dish in front of the fire, and make the gravy thus: Lift up the baking-tin carefully and let the fat run off the sediment. Pour half a tumbler of boiling water into the tin, stand it on the stove, and mix the water with the meat gravy. Add a pinch of salt and strain.

Yorkshire Pudding

Put 6 tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin with a pinch of salt, and add sufficient milk

to make it into a stiff batter. The mixing must be very gradual, and any lumps that form must be crushed out with the back of the wooden spoon. Beat 2 eggs with 1 pint of milk, add to the batter, and beat until the surface is covered with bubbles. Let the batter stand for at least 1 hour. Put 2 tablespoonfuls of hot fat from under the meat into a pudding tin; stand it in the oven, and when the fat boils, pour in the batter. Cook for 1 hour, and serve on a very hot dish.

An Economical Custard

Put 1 teaspoonful of cornflour into a basin and blend it with 2 tablespoonfuls of milk. Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk and add the cornflour, then boil all together for 3 minutes. Take the saucepan off the fire, and let the contents cool slightly. Meanwhile beat up 1 egg with 2 teaspoonfuls of castor sugar; mix with the cooled cornflour and milk, and cook until the egg thickens. Add a few drops of essence of lemon or vanilla.

I am presuming that the apple tart, custard, pears, and sago blanchmange have been prepared on the previous day. The pears are very good when baked in a stone jar in the oven. Peel, cut in halves, and core as many pears as are required. Lay them in a stone jar, pour over sufficient water to just cover them, add sugar to taste, a few cloves, and, if necessary, some drops of carmine. Shake the jar, cover closely, and stand it in the oven after the supper cooking is finished. Next morning the pears will be thoroughly tender, but unbroken. Arrange them in a dish, strain the juice over, and lay blanched almonds in the cavities out of which the cores were removed.

Sago Blanchmange

Wash 2 oz. of fine sago and put it into a saucepan with 1 pint of water and a strip of lemon peel. Cook until the sago is quite clear. Take out the lemon rind, stir in a tablespoonful of white sugar, and pour into a wet mould.

Monday morning brings many duties for the busy housewife, and she has not much time to devote to cooking. During the winter months, therefore, it is a good plan to provide a substantial soup for the mid-day meal, for although there is a joint for those who like it, children do not, as a rule, care for cold meat, nor is it very good for them.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

Vegetable Soup

Put the bones from the rolled ribs into a saucepan with 2 quarts of cold water. When the liquor boils, throw in a little salt and take off the scum which rises. Prepare 2 carrots, a turnip, and 2 onions, and put them into the stock with any savoury herbs you have at hand, a little celery seed, peppercorns, and 3 large stale crusts, toasted or baked brown. When the stock boils, skim again, and draw the saucepan to the side of the fire, and let it simmer for 2 hours. Strain the soup, remove the bones, and rub the vegetables and bread through a sieve, returning the pulp and liquor to the saucepan. A few drops of browning will probably be required. This soup might be simmering all Saturday evening, then it would only need re-heating on Monday. A little rice or macaroni boiled separately and added to the soup just before it is served, will make it more substantial, and many children like fried or boiled potatoes with soup.

Tossed Beef

Take a little of the soup or gravy left from the beef, put it in a saucepan, and let it come to the boil. Shred 2 shallots, and add them with a little salt and Worcester sauce. Boil for 5 minutes. Cut some thin slices of beef, roll them in flour flavoured with pepper and salt, lay them in the gravy, shake the saucepan well and stand it on the stove, where the contents will keep hot, but not boil.

Meat Balls

When making the mince for Tuesday's dinner, keep back 2 oz. of beef for the evening meal. Reserve also 2 oz. of boiled potatoes. Mash the potatoes, and add them to the minced meat, flavour with pepper, salt, and 1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley, or, if this is not handy, a pinch of dried herbs. Moisten with a beaten egg or milk. Form into 4 balls, dip in flour (or egg and bread crumbs), and fry in boiling fat.

Cheese Pudding

Melt 1 oz. of butter in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk. Mix together 2 oz. of bread crumbs, 2 oz. of grated cheese, 1 saltspoonful of mustard, and half as much salt. Pour the milk and butter over, then add the beaten yolk of an egg. Whip the white to a stiff froth, stir in lightly, pour into a well-greased pie-dish, and bake for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Irish Stew (in a Paper Bag)

Cut a neck of mutton into neat joints, taking off most of the fat. (Reserve 4 chops for supper.) Sprinkle well with pepper and salt. Peel and divide into pieces 6 large onions, pare and cut up 2 lb. of potatoes. Place all the ingredients in a large paper bag (specially prepared), and add $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of cold water. Fasten the ends of the bag with a clip, stand on a grid in a hot oven and cook for 1 hour.

Cake Pudding

Rub 4 oz. of lard or dripping into $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour. Add 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 4 oz. of sugar, 4 oz. of currants, a pinch of salt, and mix with 2 well-beaten eggs. Bake in a shallow tin for 1 hour. (N.B.—It will be noticed that the Irish stew and the cake pudding require the same temperature and length of time for cooking. It is a great saving of time to arrange for the preparation of such a meal on a particularly busy morning.)

Coventry Pudding

Is made from slices of stale cake, egg, sugar, and milk. If any of the cake pudding is left it can be utilised for the purpose. Cut the cake into thin slices, lay them in a pie-dish, and sprinkle with sugar. If liked, a little powdered cinnamon can be added. Beat an egg in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, pour over the cake, and bake in a warm oven for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour.

Mutton Broth

Wash 3 oz. of pearl barley, and put it into a saucepan with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of cold water. Peel 2 large onions and 2 turnips, scrape 2 carrots and cut all into dice. When the water boils, throw in the vegetables and the remains of the Irish stew. Let it simmer for 2 hours, then take out the mutton bones, and skim off the fat. Add salt and pepper and, just before serving, 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

Half-pay Pudding

This is a particularly good and inexpensive pudding made without eggs. Chop finely 4 oz. of suet, and mix with it the same weight of washed and dried currants, bread crumbs, and flour. Moisten with 2 tablespoonfuls of golden syrup and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk. Beat all the ingredients well together, and pour into a buttered basin. Steam for 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

THE QUIVER

Boiled Rabbit

Ostend rabbits are far superior to our English wild ones, but the former cannot always be obtained, and the latter are certainly cheaper. Cut the rabbit into neat pieces, and place in a stew-pan, cover with boiling water and simmer for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Peel 6 medium-sized onions, cover them with cold water, bring to the boil; then strain off the water, and pour fresh over them. Simmer till quite tender. Lift them on to a chopping-board, and cut into small pieces. Put 2 oz. of butter into a saucepan, and when it has melted, add 2 oz. of flour. Blend together smoothly, and add slowly 1 pint of rabbit liquor and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk. Flavour with pepper and salt, boil for 3 minutes, then stir in the onions, and stand on the stove. Arrange some of the rabbit on a hot dish, and pour some sauce over. Bacon rolls may be used to garnish, or boiled pickled pork often accompanies boiled rabbit. What is left over from this meal should be placed in a jar with the remainder of the rabbit and sauce. When required for Saturday's dinner, stand the jar in a large saucepan of

boiling water and cook till the rabbit and sauce are thoroughly hot.

Friday is generally fish-day—not necessarily on account of religious convictions, but because the fish market is always well supplied on that day. A baked stuffed haddock provides a savoury and wholesome dish. It may be served with brown gravy, but this is not essential. Select a suitable-sized fish, remove the eyes, scrape off the scales, and dry. Mix together 4 tablespoonsful of bread crumbs, 2 dessertspoonfuls of chopped parsley, 2 oz. of dripping or chopped suet, season with pepper and salt, and moisten with milk. Stuff the fish and sew up the aperture. Grease a baking-tin, and lay the fish in it, dotting it at intervals with little pieces of butter or dripping. Bake for an hour, basting frequently.

The fish pie is made from the remains. Remove the bones, and skin whilst the fish is still warm. Moisten the flakes with white sauce, highly flavoured with essence of anchovy, mace or chopped parsley; place them in a pie dish and cover with a crust of mashed potatoes. Bake for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in a brisk oven.



SIMPLE EMBROIDERIES FOR BLOUSES AND COSTUMES

By ELLEN T. MASTERS

NOWADAYS there is a grand opportunity for the amateur embroideress to distinguish herself, for needlecraft of many kinds runs riot upon costumes for all occasions. The mixtures of colours, materials, stitches, gold threads, beads, spangles, jewels—and indeed, anything and everything of this sort—are unlimited in their variety; and even an inexperienced worker can scarcely go wrong in her choice. There is a chance, too, of finding in such dresses as are decorated at home that touch of individual taste which is so much sought after by every woman who has leisure to bestow upon the matter.

The home worker who is desirous of embroidering the trimming for any particular gown should first of all make a survey of the shops, if possible, or, failing these, she should take advantage of the advertisements

in the ladies' papers, or of the illustrated catalogues, in order to find out what are the leading materials available for the decoration of her costume, and in what manner they are displayed. She will discover some strange mixtures that perhaps she would never have thought of had she depended solely upon her own imagination. Thus, trimmings such as those in the accompanying examples may give an equally good result upon either a tweed tailor-made or upon a foulard or satin gown for afternoon or evening wear. Also they will have a charming effect upon a linen dress, either white or tinted like brown holland, and for autumn and winter use they might well grace a costume made of cashmere or satin cloth.

Then there are the simpler embroideries,

SIMPLE EMBROIDERIES FOR BLOUSES AND COSTUMES

such as are best suited for the ornament of cambric and nainsook blouses and shirts. A beginner in fancy stitchery of this kind might start upon a band of easy work for inserting between the tucks on a morning shirt. Such a design as one of those in our first illustration would be by no means difficult to execute, and the amateur should be able even to draw the patterns for herself, first upon tracing-paper, and then upon linen or stout cartridge-paper, with Indian ink.

In the top illustration of example No. 1 it will be noted how a good result may be obtained with the least possible amount of work. The muslin is sprinkled with large eyelet-holes worked with green, exactly as in ordinary *broderie anglaise*. Their positions on the pattern can readily be marked with the help of a ruler having the inches on it. After every seven holes, arranged as three, two, and two as in the model, there is a small spray consisting of two leaves, a stem and four eyelet-holes. These holes in the model were worked round with buttercup-yellow silk, the lines of bosses of satin stitch that mark out the leaves being carried out with bright red. The colours of the original pattern are duly mentioned here, but readers are by no means bound to copy them. They can readily be arranged to suit any taste.

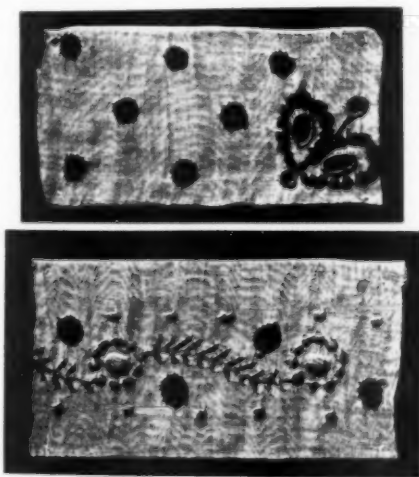
The bottom illustration of example No. 1 shows merely a wavy line along the centre, whence spring many tiny leaves set in a style that recalls a fish-bone, so equidistant are they one from the other. When once the right curve is obtained for the stems, it is easy enough to duplicate them on the tracing-paper by folding it many times, and marking the lines through the creases till a sufficient number is obtained to form a strip. Between each little spray comes a conventional, blossom-like detail which may be drawn on the paper with the help

of a farthing. Ten dots made on the outline of this circle will serve to represent the bosses of satin stitch, which are to be so worked as to stand for the florets of the flower. In the centre must be sketched a larger boss, which later on is to be worked also with satin stitch.

Between these flowers are large eyelet-holes executed in the usual style of *broderie anglaise*, and the outer edge of the strip is indicated by small groups of satin stitches set at equal distances apart. In the model the colours used in this design were very varied, pink serving for the flowers and yellow for the centres—green, of course, for the stems and little leaves, dark red for the eyelet-holes, and light, bright blue for the dots. Nothing is easier than to re-arrange these shades as required to suit the embroideress's own taste. In working on fine muslin, cambric and similar thin materials, it is advisable to tack the fabric down firmly to a piece of oilcloth, or *toile cirée*, as is used with other kinds of *broderie anglaise*. This will prevent the foundation from becoming puckered, and will save the fingers of the worker from many a prick.

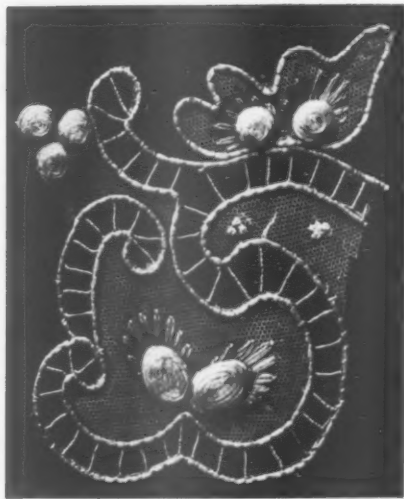
Now the attention of an amateur may be turned to something more elaborate and better suited for the decoration of handsome costumes than to that of mere blouses and shirts. She will find some examples of work of this kind in the next two illustrations.

In the first pattern the garniture is carried out upon a foundation of Brussels net. Should it be more convenient to the worker to employ a mosquito net, she may do so, but she will find that, unless she puts in plenty of stitches, these will not hold securely, as the meshes of the net are so much farther apart than in the finer makes. As with most embroidery on such transparent materials, it is necessary to have the



NO. 1.—EASY EMBROIDERY WORK FOR BLOUSES, ETC.

THE QUIVER



NO. 2.—DAINTY EMBROIDERY ON BRUSSELS NET.

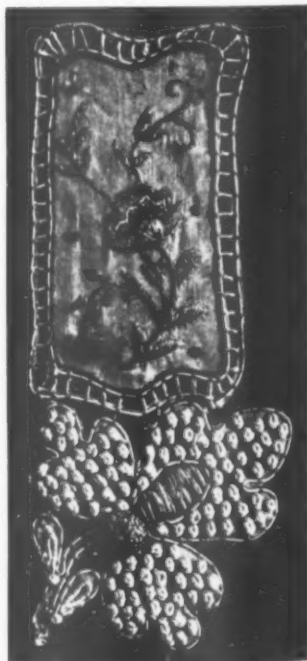
design marked with Indian ink on architect's linen or paper as above described. The net should be tacked down very fully upon the design, for this cannot be produced evenly upon the material if it slips at all in the working.

It will be noticed that there is a double row of outlining round the larger details of this trimming, and between them, first of all, is to be worked a series of closely twisted bars made more firmly, but otherwise exactly in the same way as those in point lace. The whole of the design is next to be fully traced, either with narrow silk braid, which is very fashionable, with the full thickness of filoselle, or with Grayona twist—a thread that is extremely silky and sets up well on the foundation. This outlining should be sewn down with coloured filoselle, the securing stitches being taken completely over it, and set about one-eighth of an inch apart.

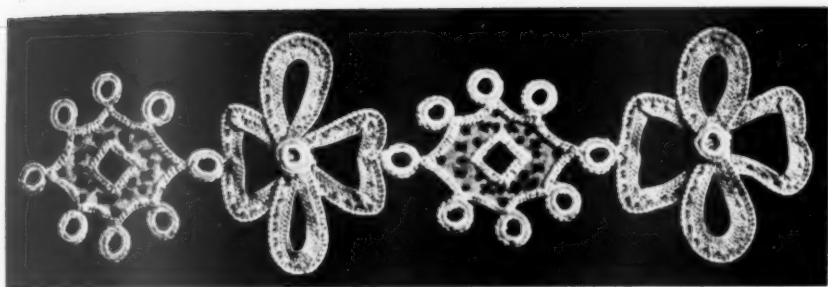
There is very little embroidery in the "field" of the devices of which this trimming is made up. At the base of the plainer expanses of net there are groups of picot or daisy-stitches made with coloured filoselle. Daisy-stitch, as most embroideresses know, consists merely of single chain stitches, the loops of which are secured in the middle with an overcast stitch made just sufficiently long to keep the silk quite flat. Here and there are little groups of French knots worked with the colour of the outlines.

When the embroidery has reached this

stage the net should be taken off the firm foundation on which the pattern has been traced. Large bosses, both round and oval, are made next for finishing the groups of picot stitches, and for adding richness to the general effect. For one of these bosses a circle is traced on a piece of stiff muslin. Some filoselle or Grayona thread is taken, and a fine needle and some silk or cotton matching the filoselle in colour. Beginning in the centre, the end of the coarse silk is pushed down to the wrong side of the circle. It must be secured there with a few stitches of the fine silk. The silk is then twined round and round in compact whorls, which must be caught together here and there with the fine silk to keep them in place. Also, they must be gradually drawn in closely, so that the circle becomes raised on the right side, like the half of a berry or small fruit. For the ovals the first turn of the silk after it has been brought out from the wrong side must be long and narrow instead of round, and it must be sewn together as necessary to keep it firmly in its place.



NO. 3.—ELABORATE TRIMMING FOR COSTUMES, ETC.



NO. 4.—SIMPLE EMBROIDERY MADE WITH LACE BRAID.

When the bosses are done, the net or muslin on which they have been built up must be cut away from the edges and they must be sewn down to their places on the trimming, the stitches being made on the wrong side. Finally, the margins of the net foundation must be removed beyond the outlines of the design and from under the twisted bars.

The trimming shown in our third illustration is rather more elaborate than are any of the others. The colours used in the original were blue and cream for the most part, but there was a mixture of colour in the embroidery that recalled some of the Paisley effects that have been fashionable of late. The design, it will be noticed, consists of a long, narrow panel made up alternately with three-lobed leaves. This idea of mixing panels and medallions with less highly embroidered devices is extremely popular, and may be varied indefinitely. The details are so managed that the trimming is easily divided into short pieces, each complete in itself, to suit the purpose for which they are required in the ornamentation of a costume. An easy way of managing such a decoration is to cut out the shapes of the little panels and of the

leaves in pieces of firm cardboard. The linen, silk, or satin foundation chosen should be stretched on a square frame, but workers who do not care for the trouble thus involved may manage very well by using a large drumhead frame in which the task of moving the material is but the work of an instant. The shapes of the leaves and panels must be traced on the linen with a lead pencil, fitting them in as closely as possible and with care to keep the selvedge of the material running down the greatest length of every section.

There are plenty of transfers to be had that will provide suitable sprays for the centre of the panels. The leaves in the model were simply worked in satin stitch with filoselle the colour of, but a shade darker than, the background. They were finely outlined with white. For the smaller leaves and parts of the flower the embroideress will do well to provide herself with a ball of knitting-silk in the mixed colours we have already described as being suggestive of Paisley patterns. This is employed for the small leaves, and also the scrolls. It appears in the large leaf, as will be shown later on. Here and there, in the original, were scattered



NO. 5.—FANCY VEST, WITH ELABORATE EMBROIDERY.

THE QUIVER

French knots made with washing gold thread. There is a double row of fine cord, of the kind used for point lace, all round the edge of the panel. The two rows of cord are connected by straight stitches of white silk, which are taken across the space between them from line to line before the cord is sewn on, much in the style of the ladder stitch of point lace.

The cord is sewn down with stitches of blue filoselle, like that employed for the leaves. Along the innermost line of cord is carried a tracing of outline stitch made with black filoselle, and this is repeated here and there in the rest of the embroidery in the form of groups of French knots and a few spike stitches in the flowers and bosses. Later on the foundation material between the two cords has to be cut away, but first the back of the embroidery should have a little weak sugar and water, or suitable paste, rubbed into it to prevent the material from fraying, and the stitches from giving way when this is cut.

The large leaf is more simply managed than the panel. It has an outline of the cord sewn down with blue filoselle, as in the other detail of the trimming. In the centre is a boss of satin stitch made with the blue and ornamented with a few stitches of the Paisley silk and black. At the point at which the lobes of the leaf meet we have a raised boss worked with the same silk. If liked, this may be made in double crochet in the same way as are the grapes used in Irish crochet. It is then filled in with a ball of cotton wool, which keeps it from becoming flat. The leaf has to be outlined with cord, stiffened in the manner already described, and then cut out like the panel. Naturally, such a trimming as this lends itself well to the use of many other colours besides those indicated here, and it is equally effective upon a green background, and in brighter tints on one of brown lawn or of Shantung.

A less pretentious piece of work, and one that any amateur can quite well design for herself, is that shown in our fourth example.

It consists of *motifs* made of lace braid twisted about into semblances of bows, but having four loops instead of the usual two loops and two ends. Alternating with these come some eight-sided details, which may be traced either on silk or satin, holland or linen. They are worked all round with close buttonhole-stitch, and at the tip of each point is sewn a small ring covered with double crochet with silk of the same shade



NO. 8.—PRETTY WAISTCOAT IN CROSS-STITCH.

as that employed for the buttonholing. A diamond-shaped opening is worked round in the centre, and at the back of this is sewn a tiny piece of brightly coloured velvet, which shows effectively through the opening. The background of these *motifs* is sprinkled over with small cross and seed stitches, which will look well if put in with black unless it is specially necessary to have a more mixed array of colours. The making of all the details for this trimming is really a very pretty and dainty task. They

SIMPLE EMBROIDERIES FOR BLOUSES AND COSTUMES

may be worked in spare moments, and perhaps only joined when a great many are ready. Gold thread, beads or tiny spangles may find places on this design if required.

For wear with open coats of the tailor-made description a fancy waistcoat is always a necessity. Such a vest calls for a handsome piece of embroidery, as it is upon this part of the costume that a great deal of the general effect depends. It is a good plan to have the waistcoat in cloth of a paler shade than the material of the dress itself. Sometimes there is a fancy for kid or suède, or even chamois-leather waistcoats, and although these are very warm and cosy in wear, the material is not nearly so pleasant to work upon as cloth. The portion of the waistcoat shown in No. 5 is carried out quite simply in shades of brown, the foundation being buff-coloured and paler than any of the embroidery silks. The stitches are quite simple, being the ordinary satin,

feather and outline stitch. A great feature of the work is the outlining of fine fancy silk cord in a dark shade of brown, and the gold thread that serves to enliven the embroidery and to redeem it from the sombre appearance, that would perhaps be gained by the use of brown, and only brown.

Cross-stitch is one of the most successful of all embroideries for the trimming of morning and everyday blouses and costumes. As most workers are aware, this kind of work may be carried out upon any material by laying canvas over this and working through the two layers. The canvas can be drawn away thread by thread after the work is done.

In the sixth illustration is shown a loose sleeveless waistcoat for wearing under an open coat, and though it is carried out merely with cottons upon cotton, workers will admit that cross-stitch embroidery well deserves its proud distinction of being never out of fashion.



"CONDEMNED."

"Her last voyage o'er, she lies upon the strand 'condemned,'
Alternate storm and sun, her starting timbers warp and rend."

A New Competition for "Quiver" Readers

Valuable Prizes for Interesting Work

By THE EDITOR

THERE are few of the features of THE QUIVER for which I get more letters of thanks than the two pages which go under the title of "Beside the Still Waters." The idea of these two pages is to get together from various sources short poems and paragraphs that will give a word of cheer and comfort to any who may care to tarry for a minute or two "Beside the Still Waters." Again and again I am told that some little verse or quotation has been a word in season to hearten and encourage someone in difficulty or perplexity. The task of collecting these little messages has been an easy and interesting one. Most of the poems are the work of our contributors, and appear in THE QUIVER for the first time; but numbers of the paragraphs are culled from various sources—an extract from a sermon here, an interesting little episode there, a lesson from an American writer, a quaint word of admonition from a tenth-century saint, a vigorous pointed epigram from Ruskin or Emerson, a few words from an unknown contributor sent to our office—these are all blended together, and come under the familiar heading in our pages.

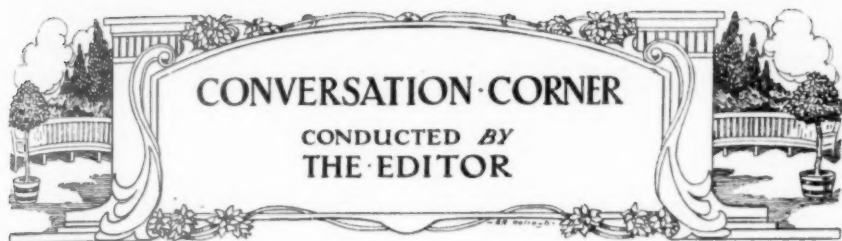
I am now going to throw open the editorship of "Beside the Still Waters" to my readers, and this is to be the subject of our next Competition. Have you, in the course of your reading, noticed a few choice sentences that sent a thrill of hope and joy through you? Do you, in the daily Press, find some little incident that brings out the good in human nature, or the providence of God? Does some illustration or application in the sermon

on Sunday strike home to your heart and send you on your way comforted? If so, why not pass the message on?

The prize will be awarded to the best selection of quotations, in the same form as, and suitable for, "Beside the Still Waters" as it appears on page 63. There must not be more than two short poetical quotations, and the paragraphs must be short—altogether about a dozen to fifteen in number—and the total length must not exceed 1,300 words, or sufficient to fill the two pages allotted to this department. The sources of all quotations must be acknowledged, for the guidance of the adjudicator, and, of course, competitors must not take any of their extracts from THE QUIVER.

I think readers will agree that this will make a Competition of an entirely different nature from any that we have previously had. There were thousands of readers who were unable to dress dolls and had not the technical skill to make toys. But this Competition does not require dexterity in handicraft; nor, indeed, does it necessitate vast reading or prolonged study. All that is required is to know the sort of message that has helped you, and what sort of cheery word will help others. The Competition will not close for some months yet, so that the selection may be made leisurely in the course of ordinary reading.

The list of prizes to be awarded, the conditions of entry, the date of closing, and fuller particulars of the Competition will be given in the December issue. Meanwhile, readers will be able to begin their work of selecting extracts.



Jubilee Congratulations

FIRST of all, I must thank everybody for the hearty reception given to our Jubilee number. I am grateful to all who have written so kindly, and am more especially grateful to those who, although they have not written to me, have told their friends about our Jubilee, and in that way have helped to extend our borders. Now you have the first number of the Fifty-first Volume in your hands. I am trying with this new volume to establish fresh records. If you are pleased with this number, will you mention the magazine to your friends? This will be of greater help than a dozen advertisements.

"The Man of No Sorrows"

I NEED hardly call attention to the remarkable dream-allegory which opens this present issue. Mr. Coulson Kernahan's story is undoubtedly daring in conception, and is likely to be the subject of many sermons and much discussion. The present instalment brings us to a highly interesting climax, and it would not be an unprofitable pastime for readers to conjecture what will be the sequel of this situation. What must be the logical consequence of the banishment of Sorrow and Suffering and the enthronement of Joy? We have often puzzled out the problem, but rarely does a writer bring us face to face with the issue as does Mr. Kernahan in "The Man of No Sorrows." Need I say that it is impossible for readers to judge the story until they have read its conclusion? I am convinced that "The Man of No Sorrows" has a striking lesson for the world and for the Christian Church. In this age, as in all ages, we need to be made to face the really vital things of life, and that is what this story helps us to do. Let me know what you think of this story—after you have read the conclusion!

Christmas Number

NATURALLY, the foremost thought in my mind just now is our Christmas number. It would vastly surprise some

people to know that the preparations for the December number were commenced before Christmas last year. It had been on my mind then that our 1911 Christmas number must contain something of very special interest and importance—and I think I have found it.

The Holy Land brought Near

MOST readers of the Bible realise the difficulty that arises from the scenes of the wonderful stories and incidents being all laid in a country far away, where language, modes of thought, manners, and customs are all so different from what we are accustomed. The story of the Foolish Virgins, for instance. Do you know what it means, and can you in your mind's eye see the incidents which to an Oriental would be as vivid and familiar as the throwing of confetti at a modern Western couple is to us? Do you know, in spite of the innumerable fancy paintings, what the inn was like where Mary laid her First-born in a manger? Do you really understand to what Jesus Christ alluded when He said, "Take My yoke upon you"? You cannot understand aright these and a thousand other Scriptural references unless you are familiar with the everyday life in the Holy Land. Realising these difficulties, the Rev. James Neil, M.A., one of our foremost authorities on Bible customs, spent years of time and hundreds of pounds of money in an attempt to reproduce exactly the manners and customs of the Holy Land, and bring them before the ordinary Western student. Three eminent artists—Mr. James Clark, Mr. J. Macpherson-Hay, and Mr. S. B. Carlill—were engaged, under his direction, to paint a gallery of pictures which should for the first time exactly and correctly show the life of the Holy Land, without the fanciful and untrue imaginations that have made Scriptural paintings so varied, and sometimes so absurd. I am pleased to say that I have been able to procure a selection from the results of this extended labour, and in the Christmas number I am presenting a Supplement entitled "Everyday Life in the

THE QUIVER

Holy Land," containing no less than fourteen fully coloured pictures, with a long descriptive article from the pen of Mr. Neil himself. Every student of the Bible should possess a copy of this remarkable work.



Some Christmas Stories

I OUGHT to mention that our Christmas number is on an enlarged scale as compared with the last year's issue, there being thirty-two extra pages, so that the Special Supplement does not in the least encroach on the ordinary space devoted to articles and stories. Among the stories will be found a diversity of choice and subject that should make the issue exceptional. Annie S. Swan writes "The Clear Call"; J. J. Bell, whose short serial, "The Professor's Predicament," has been so much admired, contributes an amusing but touching little story dealing with "Five-and-twenty Turkeys"; Frank H. Shaw presents an exciting Christmas episode of the sea coast called "God's Instrument"; while Geo. R. Sims gives a pathetic story of poor life entitled "The Queen's Gift." "Saved by Father Christmas," by A. B. Cooper; "Poor Relations," by Beatrice Rosenthal; "A Deep-sea Quest," by Oswald Wildridge, are the titles of other stories. As usual, a feature of the Christmas number is the long, complete story; this is written by an old QUIVER favourite, Ethel F. Heddle, and is entitled "The Great Dalrymple Diamond."

The Bishop of Ripon, whose retirement we are all regretting, has found time to write the second article in his series, "How Shall I Study the Bible?" In addition I am giving the conclusion of Coulson Kernahan's remarkable allegory, "The Man of No Sorrows," and a further instalment of Amy Le Feuvre's serial, "Four Gates."



If Christmas were Abolished

IF there were no Christmas, what difference would it make? This is the question answered by the Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D., in a Dream-Fancy entitled "The World with Never a Christmas." Other articles are "Christmas with the Sailors," by Miss Agnes Weston; "Christmas Decorations," by Geo. F. Rhead; and the usual Home Department features by Mrs. St. Clair.

A New Carol by Sir Frederick Bridge

IT gives me great pleasure to announce that Sir Frederick Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, has composed a carol specially for our Christmas number. It ought to be exceedingly popular, and should prove to be a welcome new feature in our churches all over the land.

As there is bound to be a great demand for our Christmas number, will readers please order their copies in advance?



"The Girl's Wasted Years"

IT is remarkable how the influence of an article or story extends for months or years after its publication. I have before me a letter from New Zealand thanking the author of the article "The Girl's Wasted Years" in the June number of our magazine. The writer has read the article, and read it to profit, for she is taking care that there shall be no more "wasted years" in her life. She has left behind the days of idleness and discontent, and having qualified for and obtained a small position, she finds she has "taken a new lease of life." "The fact of having a definite work to do, and the possession of a small but regular income which is quite my own, have brisked up my energies, widened my outlook, and stiffened my backbone, and instead of wondering what I shall do with my days, life now seems long enough for all I want to do. My old friends 'the blues' have departed to the other side of nowhere, where I hope they will stay!" I congratulate the writer on having found a place in life and the way to fill it. Are there not hundreds of other girls waiting to be given something to do, and means while simply wasting their lives and spending their spirits? Perhaps parents will take the matter up.



The League of Loving Hearts

THE League has been progressing slowly during the summer months. Now that we are facing the winter season, may I expect a great revival of interest in its work? At the end of the year I am distributing the funds between the ten societies we help. Have you sent your subscription?

The Editor



THE QUIVER

IF YOUR EYES COULD SEE

the impurities in your present water, you would not hesitate a moment to install a

"Berkefeld" Filter

which renders all drinking water pure, sparkling, and harmless.

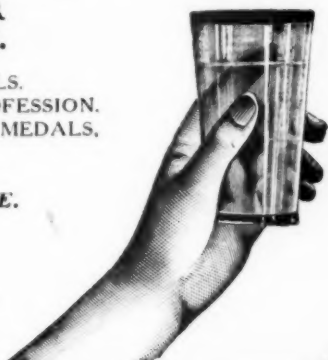
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The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Looking Around

WHAT are the minimum pleasures of life for you? Make a list, and it will probably include health, enough to eat and wear, a garden to rest in, friendships, and other creature comforts. Add a few intellectual delights, like books and pictures, and a hobby or two, and do not forget the summer holiday and an occasional "week-end." Also, you will agree, no doubt, that some of your pleasures in life arise from an early training in the distinction of right from wrong; and a conscience at rest will be added to the list. Compared with the array of necessities that many people require, yours will be but a humble minimum after all.

Do you realise that out of reach of even this almost irreducible minimum of requirements for a pleasant life are millions of people of this land? Further, that the number shut out from even the bare necessities of decent and healthy existence can be reckoned in millions also? Among them are little children—slum-bred children, cripple children, consumptive children—who feel the bitterness of the struggle of life from the beginning; many hundreds of thousands are in London alone. They look in wistfully at the pleasant places where health and beauty and knowledge may be found, but they cannot get in.

Who will Open the Gate?

There are gates, gates beautiful—beautiful in themselves, and beautiful in the vistas to be seen from them—through which the children may find their way to the pleasant places. The Ragged School Union is one, and different keys will open it. There is the key of gold, which some can so easily produce; there is the key of service, ready to the hand of others; and others may bring the key of self-denial. Each time the gate is opened a little child enters to find something better far than he has known before. We wish it could be held wide open until all those hundreds of thousands of children had streamed through from the dreary outside. But that cannot be. For the present the gate is there to be opened by all who will use the key they possess. And the children will wait for someone to let them in. Who will open the gate for the children?

The foregoing is really all a quotation—

the introduction to a very handsomely got-up book with the Scripturally suggestive title of "A Gate Beautiful." It is the annual report of the work carried on and the finance received by the Ragged School Union during another year. As it is through the R.S.U. that the merciful work of the Crutch-and-Kindness League is done, the members of the League, as well as others, will be glad to cast their eyes along with me round something of the silent but incessantly pitiful labours of love being wrought by the Union year after year.

An Array of Good Agencies

It makes one almost hold his breath to mark the agencies that are at work. There are 140 separate buildings, 198 Sabbath afternoon and evening schools, 7 crèches, 69 industrial classes, 193 institutes, recreation classes, etc., 34 boys' brigades, 4,326 voluntary teachers, 92 paid teachers, 161 special religious services, 173 Bible classes, 63 Christian Endeavour societies, 101 mothers' meetings, 86 prayer meetings, 107 Bands of Hope, 40 school libraries, 48 Penny Banks, and 23 clothing clubs. The inclusive average attendance at all the various regular gatherings comes to over 100,000. Where else can we find such a record of work for the comfort, help and instruction in grace of the submerged children of the Metropolis, carried on by one organisation?

It will now be small wonder to anyone that the King recently gave £1,000, of a generous grant made by an Indian Prince, to the Ragged School Union; he well knew its work and character, as his august father and mother had done before him; and his Royal Consort, when "Princess May," was an active worker in the ranks of the R.S.U., as was also her mother. It is a spiritual education to read such a book as this, as well as being an incentive for bringing out the best that is lying latent in any of us.

Our glance round has been but a glance, and as such has altogether failed to note the hundred different ways in which the pain and wretchedness of London's poor children are largely mitigated. I can but suggest that every reader of these lines possess himself or herself of a copy straight

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away. The price, I note, of the handsome, large-typed book and pictures is only 6d.—but enough, I presume, to cover expenses.

The work of the Crutch-and-Kindness League, I see, has also its share in the report, but I have allowed myself no space in this number to say more of it than this, that its object is, by correspondence, to raise up one friend for each of the 12,000 poor crippled children of London. Being an affair of the pen rather than of personal visitation, it comes within the power of everyone, in any part of the world, and no matter what sex or age the writer may be. All further particulars may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

New Members for the Month

Miss M. Anderson, Ilminster, Somerset; Miss M. Aitken, St. Andrews, N.B.

Misses Ena and Biddy Baker, Cambridge; Mrs. Parkshell, Brockley, London, S.E.; Miss Clara Bowen, Avoca, Natal; Mrs. Boyd, Wandsworth, London, S.W.; Miss Phyllis Bradfield, Wareham, Dorset; Miss Constance Brewer, Cardiff, South Wales; Miss Brimble, Tufnell Park, London, N.; Miss Hazel Butland, Hokianga, New Zealand.

Miss Eva Craig, Prenton, Birkenhead.
Miss Winifred Davidson, Walthamstow, Essex.
Miss Edith Dean, Melbourne, Australia; Miss Mabel Dixon, Otahuhu, Auckland, New Zealand; Miss Sylvia Downing, Jubbulpore, India.
Miss Margaret Farquhar, Redditch, Worcester.
Miss Harris, Alloway, Ayr, N.B.
Mrs. A. H. Jack, Kendal, Westmorland; Mrs. A. L. Jones, Parkstone, Dorset.
Miss Barbara Lawrence, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs.
Mrs. McD. Lobb, New Milton, Hants.
Miss E. Macdonald, Makikihi, Canterbury, New Zealand; Miss M. Gwen Marsden, Withington, Manchester; Mrs. J. Matthias, Fareham, Hants.
Miss Victoria de Mel, Colombo, Ceylon.
Miss Alice Ochse, Pretoria, South Africa.
Miss M. Packer, Nelson, New Zealand; Misses May and Doris Page, Hokianga, New Zealand; Miss E. L. Potter, Barnet, Herts; Miss Emily Preston, Earlsheaton, Drevsbury.

Mrs. Rutlie, Aintree, near Liverpool.
Mrs. John Stephens, Hokianga, New Zealand.
Miss E. Stevens, Wimbledon, Surrey; Miss M. Sturt, Muswell Hill, London, N.

Miss Theodora Thompson, Belturbet, Co. Cavan.
Miss E. B. Boag Thompson, Maritzburg, Natal.
Mrs. Wall, Melbourne, Australia; Miss Ethel Williams, North End, Portsmouth; Mrs. Wilson, Torquay, South Devon; Master Clifford Wiseman, Auckland, New Zealand.

T.W.C.A. Group: Miss Joan Takle, Miss E. Dobbie, Miss P. Gillies, Misses E. G. and M. Harlow, Miss B. Luscombe, Miss B. McIntyre, Miss Anna Towan, Miss M. Williams, Dunedin, New Zealand.



MAGAZINES FOR THE MONTH

THE November *Girl's Realm* begins a new yearly volume. The serial story won the £250 prize offered in the recent *Girl's Realm* Competition for the best tale for girls; and all who read it will be charmed with its naturalness, its pathos, and its humour—above all, with its heroine, the motherless eldest daughter of a large vicarage family. "How to Make a Simple Evening Frock" is described by Amy M. Nankivell with the utmost lucidity and skill. The musical should read "How to Accompany," by Mrs. Weguelin Greene; and the usefulness of "Specialism in Stamp Collecting" will certainly not be appreciated by girls alone.

THE November number of *Cassell's Magazine* opens with a delightful story of Canadian life, entitled "The Hobo and the Fairy," in which Mr. Jack London, the popular novelist, is seen at his best. There is also a story by Miss Dolf Wyllarde bearing upon the colour question, and aptly entitled "Colour," and a stirring tale of a Scotch border raid, "The End of the Foray," by Harold Bindloss.

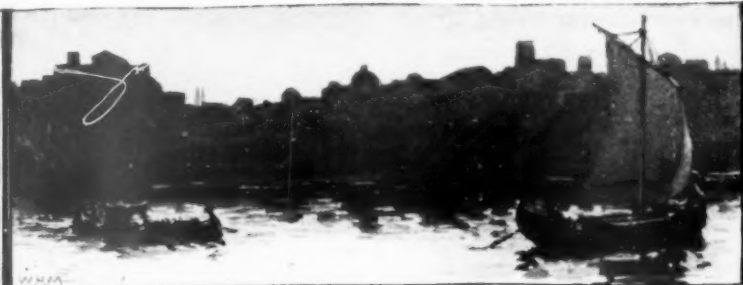
The immense activity and growth of our

British herring fisheries is vividly portrayed by Mr. W. A. Dutt in his article on "King Herring"; and the Rev. James Marchant, Director of the National Council of Public Morals, makes a bold attempt to answer a question of national importance in "Are We Going Under?"

The issue also contains contributions from H. Rider Haggard, Charles G. D. Roberts, Keble Howard, Barry Pain and Mary Stuart Boyd.

THE most costly toy that can be bought in a big London shop does not give more pleasure to a child than the simple playthings he can make himself. An article that all young folks will read with delight appears in the November *Little Folks*, describing various toys that may be constructed from paper and cotton reels. The final instalments of the serials in this number will excite great interest, as also the article entitled "More Wonders of Africa," by Lilian Gask. Katharine Newlin contributes one of her fascinating stories, and other tales by Helen Watson, Bessie Marchant, Mary Potter and Agnes Grozier Herbertson will be much enjoyed by the children.

Young People's Pages



HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,—

For all garden lovers in our Homeland this month of November is one of the busiest of the year. Many of you are among those busy people, and just now there is much to be done, even in the little ones' patches. You will be planting those wondrous brown bulbs that are to give the flowers of spring; and as you dig and plant you are sure to dream dreams of the loveliness that you hope to come from them. You will see, in imagination, all the beauty of daffodils, narcissus, scilla and hyacinth, iris and anemone, and the golden crocus.

Let me tell you, may I, about a garden not a great way from where I live? We call it

The Snowdrop Garden

It is a not very long nor a very large patch, and it lies in front of a little brown house which an artist would like. The roof glows in the sunshine all tones of reds and browns, for the tiles are old, and they bend in in places so that you might think them hardly safe perhaps. Most of the garden space is taken up by the grass patch, then comes the path to the front door, and on the right is a sloping, grassy bank, at the top of which grow some shrubs. All through those burning summer days when most of our gardens were brown and scorched up, this small place was cool-looking and green. In the ordinary summer, possibly, you might think it dowdy because it has hardly any flowers; but for tired eyes it is not dull. This year it was like one of those oases

in the desert that travellers tell us about. It was all smooth and mossy and calm, and after looking at the dusty road it was a rest to see. But this garden's glory time is in the spring. Hundreds and hundreds of snowdrops have been planted; they grow all over the lawn and the grassy bank, right close up to the bushes, everywhere except on the footpath. Can you see it, I wonder? It is just one shining, radiant, white garden, and every year it seems to be better than before. A number of people I know—and I am one of them myself—never let the spring pass without making a journey to look at the Snowdrop Garden. And I think it must bring into our minds thoughts that influence our lives. I don't see how it could be otherwise. Who planted that gracious garden? I do not know. Perhaps some thoughtful woman who had a poet's heart, but had few ways of expressing her thoughts, and who has left this simple legacy of beauty for the passers-by.

This autumn I hope to start a little snow-drop garden of my own. I shall mark off, with twisted twine and sticks, a small patch of grass so that the gardener will have special care when the green spikes begin to show. And in it I shall plant just as many snowdrops as my garden pocket-money will allow. Will anyone else do the same? Then, if so, we can compare notes in the spring, and our gardens will be made another link in our Companionship.

But you see what I wrote about the influence of the Snowdrop Garden. Un-

THE QUIVER

happily, we have not all gardens of earth and grass, but I have been thinking how splendid it would be if every one of our Companions could start a

Snowdrop Garden of Thought

You see, the wise men tell us that our *thoughts* make us. That is quite easy for even our tiny ones to understand. Just as our plants and our pets grow weak or strong according to the kind of food we give them; just as our bodies grow healthier and stronger, if they have wholesome food to eat and sweet air to breathe, than they do if they have to live in stuffy places and eat poor food; so *we*—the mind and soul part of us—are made by our thoughts and beliefs. Really and truly, what you and I think and believe will make us. Of course, some of us are very grown-up people, and possibly our mind-gardens have lots of weeds in them. But could we not try hard to root them all out and plant snowdrop thoughts instead? And the younger folks could be careful never to let any but snowdrop thoughts—thoughts of purity and love—take root. You know if you do not sow seeds of flowers in your garden, it very quickly fills itself with weeds, and our minds are the same. So we want always to be busy—gardening in our own lives.

"Every man should be a gardener,
And with unsparing hand keep neat and trim
His own life's garden,"

a poet has said.

Please do not shrug your shoulders and say, "Oh, bother! I wish Alison wouldn't preach!" Honour bright, boys and girls, I'm not trying to preach. I am only trying to tell you some of the thoughts I am thinking, and wish to carry into practice. I always have hated being "preached at" myself, so wouldn't do it to you. But more and more one realises that all the sorrow and unhappiness of our world can be changed into joy and gladness and beauty only by the influence of *individuals*. And if you and I, separately and singly, can keep our own gardens clean and sweet, then we shall by and by be able to help our neighbours. Do you not know how jolly it is to have a chum who is a gardener, with whom you can exchange seeds and plants? That is the kind of plan I am suggesting. In the same sort of way, you will be able to pass on flowers of your mind to those who need them. The digging and other work in physical gardening make your arm and back muscles strong; so in the other gardening your mental muscles, and the *Real You*, will grow strong and strenuous, and you will have

strength and power to pass on to others. That is to help, I believe, to bring in what Christ called the Kingdom of Heaven.

But this is enough of my chatter. You will be interested to hear the result of the Competition.

The Most Beautiful Action I have Heard or Read of

I am especially pleased with two of the Junior stories. *Isabel Young* (age 11, Sytchampton), and *Gladys Mary West* (age 11), Macduff, have written about actions they have seen or heard in their own districts, and their paragraphs are fresh and carefully written. They both receive prizes in this section. *Annie D. W. Anderson* deserves special mention for her account of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." *Janette Murray* also wrote an interesting story.

In the Senior Division I want to mention *Arthur Smart*, *Helen Strong*, and *Ida M. Jones*. The prize goes to *Maud B. G. Gull* (age 18), Hove, for her notes on *Father Damien*.

We will have the stories presently.

In our Christmas Corner we will discuss the Scrap-books, and then, too, I shall have some particularly pleasant news for you.

One point more and then I will turn to the letter pile before me.

Many Companions are asking about a Badge for our members. We have been making inquiries, and find they can be made to sell at about 6d. and 1s. 6d. each.

What I ask is this: Will *every* Companion who wishes for a Badge please send me a post card not later than November 30th? I say *post card* purposely. On it kindly say whether you would like a pin, or brooch, or pendant; whether of enamel or silver (the latter is the more costly, and *probably* would be about 1s. 6d.). You may tell me also, if you wish, what you would like the form of the Badge to be. I have several suggestions already, but want to know everyone's opinion.

Our New Competition

I should like to hear about your winter sports and fun, so the prizes this month are offered for the most interesting letters telling of those you think the jolliest and best. Make them so entertaining that we shall all long to become skaters or hockeyites, or whatever the case may be. Not more than 300 words each, and please remember the Rules!

Now for those letters.

A kind note from *Miss Mary G. Murray* (Biggar, N.B.) lies on top of the pile.

"My niece, Jamie Crawford, has asked me



"Oh, I'm positively tired out with the least exertion. It's miserable to be getting fatter every day; yet I'm all but starving myself."

"The worst thing you could do; it only makes you feel dreadfully weak. Take Antipon, my dear, as I did; and I was fatter than you. Antipon is worth a fortune, take my word for it."

SECRET OF FIGURE BEAUTY

MEN and women who have the misfortune to be extremely stout need not, as many of them do, despair of acquiring figure beauty. Only they must not expect to recover normal weight and slenderness by any sort of drug remedy destined to produce a mere temporary reduction. Treatments of this sort are not curative at all, whether assisted by semi-starvation or not. "Wasting" is not curing. The disease of obesity is a very stubborn one, and requires a remedy that will completely extirpate it—that is, destroy the obstinate tendency to get abnormally fat. That remedy is Antipon, and naught else can have the slightest value as a substitute. Antipon is a true natural remedy because, in eliminating all superfluous and unhealthy fatty matter, it acts in strict harmony with the laws of health and every essential requirement of the human organism. For instance, it is a valuable tonic, promoting appetite and sound digestion, and with the assistance of pure nourishment restoring vigour of nerve and muscle. No partially starved body can possibly be beautiful. The secret of figure beauty depends not alone on the removal of all disfiguring fat deposits, but also on the redevelopment

of the muscular fibre. The waist must be supple and strong, as well as slender. True bodily beauty is instinct with vigour and strength. Antipon restores all that makes for health and beauty. Antipon reduces the facial contours to harmony of line, the double chin subsides, and all puffiness of the features disappears without leaving a wrinkle or blemish. Antipon has a tonic action on the skin, bracing up the membranes, and giving it renewed smoothness of texture, while the complexion regains brilliancy and tone. There is a decrease of from 8 oz. to 3 lb. within a day and a night of starting the Antipon treatment.

Antipon is a refreshing liquid which contains only vegetable substances of a completely harmless character.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount) privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all Druggists and Stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world.

THE QUIVER

Foots' Bath Cabinet



THE health value of Thermal (Hot Air or Vapour) Bathing is an established fact. Nothing else is so effective in preventing sickness, or for the cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Blood, Skin, Liver, and Kidney Complaints. It eliminates the poisonous matters from the system, increases the flow of blood—the life current—freed from its impurities, clears the skin, recuperates and revitalises the body, quiets the nerves, rests the tired, creates that delightful feeling of invigorated health and strength, insures perfect cleanliness, and is helpful in every way.

Every form of Hot Air, Vapour, or Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately at home with our Patent Safety Cabinet. When not in use it folds into a small, compact space.

Complete, with **SAFETY OUTSIDE HEATER**, &c., from 35/-.

Write for Bath Book, B 24, Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON Ltd. (Dept. B 24), 171, New Bond St., London, W.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes It.
Nothing equals it. 110 years proves this
fact. Golden Colour for Fair Hair.
Of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers.

HENRY'S CALCINED MAGNESIA.

Invaluable to adults

in all cases of Heartburn, Gout, Headache,
Biliousness, and Acidity of the Stomach.

**The mildest, safest, and best aperient
for children in early infancy.**

The cause of most infantile disorders of the
stomach and bowels is that the milk turns sour on
the stomach, resulting in acidity and flatulence.

Henry's Calcined Magnesia

neutralises the acid, and flatulence is avoided. A
small quantity added to the milk will prevent it
turning sour. It is prepared with scrupulous care,
and the fact that it has been in use since 1772 is
proof of its remarkable medicinal value.

**Free from taste, smell, or roughness
to the palate.**

Price 2/9 and 4/6 per bottle.

From all the leading chemists in the United Kingdom and abroad—
United States: Schieffelin & Co., 170-172, William Street, New York.
France: Roberts & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris.

Sole Makers:

THOMAS & WILLIAM HENRY,
11, East Street, Manchester.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

C. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd. CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

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MEDALS.



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You may always depend upon the purity
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you eat when it is
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"STANDARD YEAST."

Where Standard yeast is used and
our simple directions followed,
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Standard yeast—English—is always fresh,
sweet, and wholesome. It is made in quan-
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all its freshness and purity, direct from the
distillery. We shall be glad to forward free
trial sample, also booklet of recipes, upon
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YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

to become a member of the H.W.W. Corner, and I shall be glad to do so." Miss Murray is a welcome Companion, and we are glad she is so interested in Our Scheme as to send a gift right away. What a capital idea to get our aunts into our membership! They are such fine helpers, often.

Daisy Valentine (Aberdeen) sent her subscription in a nice letter. "I am so pleased our work is getting on so merrily," she says, "and I am looking forward to the day when we shall be able to call another child our own. Thanks for your good wishes for my success in my exams. You will be pleased to hear that I didn't fail in any of my subjects." Congratulations, Daisy.

One of *Kathleen Collyer's* (London, Ontario) dear little notes comes next. "I received the book (a Violet C.B.). Thank you very much. I am enclosing a shilling for Violet, money Daddy gave me for picking currants."

Here's another fruit-picker to our aid! *James F. Brown* (Alyth) says: "I think it a capital idea for us boys and girls to adopt Violet and David, and I am so glad they are getting on so well. I am sending you a shilling which I earned by picking raspberries." I like having shillings such as these. James says: "Several months ago I joined the 15th Perthshire Troop of Boy Scouts, and scouting takes up much of my spare time. Sixteen of our Troop are in Edinburgh to-day amongst the 3,000 Boy Scouts being reviewed by King George."

Frances Winsor wrote from her holiday home at Margate, sending a gift. She and Josephine, who wrote also, have had a lovely time.

Ivy Slesser sent her quarterly gift from Christchurch, New Zealand. "It is grand," she writes, "to know that we have two children in Canada already, and I hope with you that our family will go on increasing, and am sure it will." Ivy's twenty-first birthday was near, when she was to have her photograph taken. She promises one to me. We shall like to see her, shall we not?

Harold Naish (Romford) sends me one of his characteristic letters, full of interest. "You asked me if I have read 'Broken Earthenware'; I did so a few weeks ago. It does seem wonderful," he says, "and makes one feel that nobody should be despaired of. I am delighted the 'Corner' is progressing so well, and that we have got David settled all right. Yes, I do think it would be lovely if we could start a third protégé for THE QUIVER Jubilee." Harold suggests an annual meeting in London for

Companions. "I know it sounds rather a big idea, but we should get to know each other, and I think it would do a lot of good." It is a big idea; we shall see what the future brings. You will all be glad to hear that Harold did brilliantly in his professional examination, being placed first in Order of Merit, and was awarded the prize.

A new member, *Marjorie McLeish* (age 18), Glasgow, says: "We have only lately taken THE QUIVER, or I might have been a member sooner. I think your 'Corner' a splendid idea to make us think of the poor children, and to try to give them happiness." Other newly enlisted Companions to be greeted are *Mabel Richardson* (age 20), Weston-super-Mare, who sent the Scrap-book referred to last month; *Hilda M. Broomhead* (age 17), Bakewell, *Madge Williams* (age 12), Holyhead, and *Janet Thomson* (age 9), Addington. No boys this month, curiously enough!

Frances Bennett (Birmingham) had a capital holiday at Colwyn Bay, and sent a kind letter. "I think it was a splendid idea to have Violet, and also David," she comments, "and as our Corner grows I hope we shall be able to have someone else as well." *Effie Forbes* (Ballater) wrote a happy little note to put in a box of the most lovely heather; the latter made my room fragrant through hot days when I was pining for the moors, before my holiday.

Another of the charming letters that *Hettie Joubert* (Stellenbosch, South Africa) writes is here, but our Corner is almost full, so I dare not begin to quote. *Girlie Budd* says she is sending a photograph. (I wish every one of you would do so.) *Janette Murray* (Glasgow) writes delightfully of her holiday at Berwick-on-Tweed. *I. Margaret Wood* (Alvaston) has been passing through sad days because of her grandfather's death. *W. Allison Laidlaw* (Dublin) had a glorious holiday at Beaumaris. *Margaret Begg* (Perth) is not strong enough to go back to school yet. (Make haste to get well, Margaret.) Her holidays were spent in Ireland. "We went to the Giant's Causeway—it was very interesting; and to Londonderry and Coleraine, etc." *Marjorie Heard* (Southgate, N.) is busy learning to swim. She and Kathleen have sent another gift to the Fund.

Kathleen Herridge (age 12), Gloucester, says: "I stayed at Birtsmorton Court for a week with our uncle and auntie and cousins. It is a very old place. There is one room called the Oak Room, where there used to be a sliding panel, and a secret room behind the chimney. During the Wars of the Roses Queen Margaret and the little Prince are

THE QUIVER

supposed to have escaped through a passage under the moat. There is another room that they say was Cardinal Wolsey's study; he used to be a tutor at the Court. It is a very small room with a stained glass window. There are two yew-trees in the garden about 300 years old. While we were staying there we went to Malvern and climbed up some of the hills. We went to St. Anne's Well and drank some of the water. How are Violet and David? It would be nice to have a Badge, and I think

Vera Black's suggestion was lovely." I am having the Month's Letter Prize sent to Kathleen.

But now I must say good-bye.

Please send me those post cards, and lots of letters.

I am, believe me,

Your affectionate Companion,

Alison

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ACTION I KNOW" PRIZE LETTERS

Maud Gill's Hero

"The most beautiful action I have ever heard about is the story of Father Damien, who gave up his life for the lepers.

"To please his sick brother, he became a missionary in the South Sea Islands.

"Hearing one day from his Bishop the terrible state into which the lepers had sunk, he determined to go and help them.

"He lived among them, showing them what was right and good; he brought a new interest into their lives. He built houses and churches, he nursed the sick, and comforted the dying; assuring them that they were only passing from an earthly into a heavenly life.

"At last the day dawned when he knew his sacrifice was over for ever. As he was carrying a jug of boiling water some dropped upon his foot. To his surprise, it had no effect upon him. He consulted a doctor, who pronounced him to be a leper.

"Father Damien did not mind. He had lived a life of toil, and was ready to rest. He no longer in his sermons addressed the people as 'My brethren,' but 'We lepers.' At last he passed peacefully away from this world, leaving a golden example behind him. This, I think, is the noblest action I have ever heard about, as love is the fulfilling of the law, and 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

What Isabel Young Saw

"The most beautiful action I think I ever saw was a little incident at some school sports which took place this spring. There had been many races, and the last was a consolation race—that is, a race for the boys who had failed to win a prize in the other races. The people were all very intently watching them come round the racecourse, and two boys were seen to be well to the front. The

one was a big, tall fellow, the other rather smaller. At about twenty yards from the winning post, when excitement was at its height, the smaller boy leaped forward, and a cheer was raised under the impression that he would win. But at that very moment he stumbled and fell. It was now in the bigger boy's power to win the prize, but from a good-natured desire not to take any advantage from his rival's misfortune, and partly from a groundless impression that he might somehow have caused the other's fall, he stopped, waited for the other to get up, and then started again level with him. His generous action cost him the loss of a prize, for as he waited the third boy slipped by and won the prize; but, as someone who had noticed it afterwards remarked, he had gained something better."

Gladys West's Story

"Not so very many weeks ago two boys were looking for sea-gulls' nests. The place of their search was at Troup Head, Gamrie, a steep rock not far from Macduff.

"They were looking here and there, when the elder boy saw that his companion had got into a very dangerous position, out of which he was not likely to get without help. Without hesitating, the brave little hero went to his aid.

"But, alas! he missed his footing, and fell to the foot of the cliff. The younger boy shouted for help. But the poor little fellow who had fallen in trying to save his chum's life, lay at the foot of the cliff, having fallen about 400 feet.

"The rescuers could not reach him, so some fishermen took a boat and sailed round to the foot of the cliff to find the hero. When they found him he was lying in a bed of white flowers. It was a pretty but sad sight. Of course, it is needless to say that the other boy was rescued.

"I feel sure that the little boy will always remember the little hero who had lost his life in trying to save another's."

NOTES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of the Corner all readers young enough to enjoy the chats. The coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:—

(a) One side of the paper only is to be written on.

(b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.

(c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join.

Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

NOVEMBER 5th. ESTHER PLEADING FOR HER PEOPLE

Esther iv. 1-v. 3

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Haman's cruel plot. (2) The brave resolve of the Queen. (3) Esther's audience with the King.

THE question has often been asked, "How is it that the Book of Esther comes to find a place in the Old Testament?" The name of God is not mentioned in it at all, and it contains no religious teaching. But yet the book has a purpose. What it paints for us is "a majestic picture of a human heart struggling against its own weakness, rising to a grandeur that had in it the glory of Christ's own self-sacrifice."

A Brave Queen

One commentator describes the situation thus: "A dissolute Persian monarch, in a drunken frolic, requires of his queen to do a deed that ran against all that was womanly within her, and she refused. Mercilessly, he deposes her from the throne, and he sets out to select another queen. The fair maidens of the land are collected, and from among them he chooses the beautiful young Jewess Esther and makes her his queen."

"Esther was a Jewess. She owed her birth and her breeding to that despised, exiled people. She had won her proud position on the emperor's throne through the planning and toiling and sacrifice of her Jewish guardian. And now her people's destiny hangs on the balance. A deadly conspiracy against them has brought it about that on a given day rapidly approaching there is to be a universal merciless massacre of these defenceless Jews. And through the mouth of her old revered guardian the demand comes to her—the one human being that might have influence with the cruel king to cancel the decree and save the lives of men, women, and children—at the risk and peril of her own life in asking it, to go and intercede for them. Esther began arguing with herself, Was she bound to hazard her life for these Jews? Why should she come down from the throne and take her stand among them, exposed to cruel massacre and death? The fact of the matter was, the queen was standing in a false position. She could not see the truth, she could not see the right, where she stood."

But Esther did not fail her people in the hour of their great need, and the reward of her courage came in the success of her intercession, for the fatal decree was not put into execution and the Jews were saved from destruction.

NOVEMBER 12th. THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY

Daniel v.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The scene of splendour in the royal palace. (2) The tragic interruption of the feast. (3) Daniel in the King's presence. (4) The doom pronounced and executed.

THOUGH the principles of temperance are making rapid strides throughout our land the evils of drunkenness are still to be deplored, and the drinking customs still stand in need of much reformation. To-day, in a greater degree than ever before, the ill effects of drink upon the human body are recognised, and pains are being taken to make the rising generation acquainted with the evils of intoxicating drink. "Having spent the greater part of my life in operating," says Sir Frederick Treves, "I can assure you that there are some patients that I don't mind operating upon, and some that I do; but the person of all others that I dread to see enter the operating theatre is the drinker. He is the most dangerous feature in connection with the surgical life."

How General Booth Signed the Pledge

General Booth tells us that he remembers a schoolfellow taking him between school hours to a place where he signed the pledge. He confesses that he knew nothing about temperance or total abstinence. "When I signed the pledge," he has said, "I was only seven years old, and I kept that pledge for six years without any encouragement. From thirteen to twenty I was not a teetotaler. I drank a little as advised by the doctor. I was delicate, and medical men predicted that if I went in for preaching I should be guilty of suicide, but when I went to London and saw the ravages of the drink I gave it up for ever, making up my mind that if I died a few years earlier I would go up to the bar of God with my skirts clear of the blood of my fellows."

THE QUIVER

NOVEMBER 19th. EZRA'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM

Ezra viii. 15-36

POINTS TO EMPHASISE, (1) Ezra's independence.
(2) The time of fasting and prayer. (3) God's
goodness to His people.

In his "Analysed Bible" Dr. Campbell Morgan sketches with vivid and graphic power the incidents of our lesson. "Ezra," he writes, "gathered together members of the priestly and royal houses, and a further contingent of the people at Ahava, in order that he might review them and prepare for the journey. Finding that there were no Levites in the company, he sent to Iddo, and in response to his appeal certain of their number joined him. The character of Ezra is remarkably revealed in his refusing to seek help from an earthly king. It is a fine illustration of the independence and dependence of such as follow the Lord. The king's voluntary gifts were gladly accepted; but to ask for soldiers would have been to make a tacit confession of questioning in his heart as to the ability or willingness of God to help. After a long journey they arrived in safety at Jerusalem, and made their offerings."

Jerusalem's Sad Condition

Dr. Morgan goes on to say that "Ezra found a condition of affairs at Jerusalem which was a sad revelation of the deterioration of the people. There had been no return to idolatry, but there had been an intermixture with the people of the land, and the chief offenders had been the princes and the rulers. He was moved with righteous indignation, and sank into silent astonishment until the time of the evening oblation. Then before God he poured out his soul in prayer. The sincerity of Ezra's vicarious repentance produced immediate result. The people who had gathered about him through the long hours of the day came to a consciousness of the enormity of their sin as they saw how he was affected thereby. At last one of their number spoke to him, acknowledging the sin, and suggesting a remedy. He at once became a man of action, first calling them to a sacred covenant, that they would put away the evil thing from amongst them; and then leading them in the carrying out of their covenant."

NOVEMBER 26th. NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER

Nehemiah i.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Jews in captivity. (2) Nehemiah's confession of sin and failure. (3) God's promises laid before them.

It is an interesting picture which is presented to us in our lesson. Cup-bearer at the court of a Gentile king, Nehemiah had not forgotten his relationship to the chosen people, and the news that reached him of the condition of Jerusalem filled him with an intense sorrow. But he was not content to remain inactive. With splendid courage he asked permission from the king that he might be allowed to go and help his brethren, and departing for Jerusalem there "carefully ascertained the true state of affairs, and then called on the elders to arise and build. Opposition was at once manifested on the part of surrounding enemies, and with strong determination Nehemiah made it perfectly clear that no operation would be permitted with those who were derisive of the effort."

Criticism and Construction

This lesson shows, and experience proves, that the critics, like the poor, we have always with us. It is much easier to criticise than to construct. In a recent article Dr. Bookman Washington, the negro leader, tells a good story illustrating the difference between a constructive man and a mere critic. He says that a coloured minister, after great sacrifice and effort, had constructed in the South a building to be used for sheltering orphans and aged coloured women. After getting the building constructed and paid for, a young coloured brother came to inspect it, and once began pointing out the defects in the building. The minister listened patiently for some time, and then, turning to the young man, he said, "My friend, you have an advantage over me." Then he paused and looked at the young man, and the young man looked inquiringly at the minister, who continued: "I am not able to find fault with any building that you have constructed."

Nehemiah not only worked himself, but he inspired others to follow his example. Work of that character always involves sacrifice, as it did in his case, but if Christians are to do the work that God expects them to accomplish there must be self-sacrifice with it.



is nothing is the truth of that old adage

"THE TASTE TELLS"

as truly evidenced as in the present
national demand for Standard Bread.

You may have tried many so-called standard breads, but—
have you tried one made solely from guaranteed genuine
Standard Flour—flour which retains all the sweet nutritive
elements of the Wheat Berry?

Ask your Baker to
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Standard Bread
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BROWN'S D.M. STANDARD FLOUR

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Bread to
Satisfy you

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remains one of the luscious whole
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Bread, and it contains all the
nutritious germ of the wheat, and
therefore builds up the constitution.

(SEE OVER.)

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and to thoroughly enjoy every meal.

That one way is to eat genuine Standard Bread that embodies all the essentials as recommended in the Doctors' Manifesto.

Bread made solely from

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is of light golden colour,
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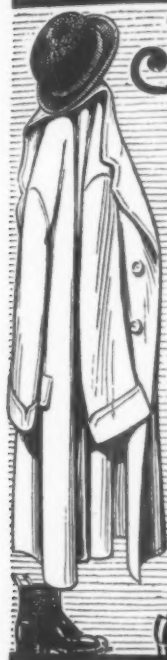
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and they will send you a list of Bakers in your district who will.

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The weather keeps changing. You cannot order the weather, but you can order a hat, coat, and pair of boots at Jacksons' to exactly suit the weather—furthermore to suit your pocket.

Don't buy high priced boots, buy Jacksons' and you will realise the wonderful Jackson value. The same thing applies to Jacksons' hats and raincoats.

Jacksons' famous Hats, 3/9.

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Jacksons' Ltd. have branches in all large towns. If you cannot visit one send for illustrated style book, and you will be supplied by post.

Jacksons' Ltd., Victoria Works, Stockport.



"I must really ask you to finish my class. I feel dreadfully run down and ill. This is my last day." —
"My dear, you must really take Antipon, you know. It reduced me to normal in a few weeks, and I have never felt better in my life."

Women who are getting rapidly fatter are sometimes fairly scared by the revelations of the mirror, especially if they have been dragging and starving themselves. They may see bagginess under the eyes, a sallow, pasty complexion, the lines of the double or triple chin, the bulky neck and heavy shoulders. These are not pleasant changes to see. But let these ladies take heart—and Antipon.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.

SEEGER'S SEEGER'OL FOR GREY HAIR.

Trial Bottle. 6d.



SEEGER'S tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired, BROWN, DARK BROWN, LIGHT BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN or GOLDEN. SEEGER'S has a certified clientele of over FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE THOUSAND USERS. SEEGER'S contains no lead, mercury, silver or sulphur. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. SEEGER'S is permanent, washable, has no grease, does not burn the hair or scalp. Large bottle 2/- post free 2/6. Trial bottle post free 6d. Chemists and Stores everywhere. HINDS LTD., Farnley, London.

"FIT FOR THE ROYAL TABLES" JUST WHAT YOU WANT FOR YOUR TABLE. PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS.



FOR Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea or Supper. TASTY AND APPETISING.

Of all Grocers and Stores, 6d. & 1s., in white earthenware jars, bearing registered label and signature. If cannot procure, write to G. W. PLUMTREE & CO., Ltd., Southampton.

The Mastery of the Mind

An article showing the need for the command of thought-forces, and how it is to be obtained

HOW many people realise the imperative necessity of maintaining, above all else, a uniformly cheerful frame of mind? We have talked for years of the value of hope and faith—of the necessity for "keeping up a brave heart" despite appearances—yet how many of us are actually masters of our minds?

Few of us comprehend the enormous responsibility that rests upon every human being in the matter of thought-control. Think to what a great extent we are all affected by the most trivial occurrences. It is the little things that disturb us.

Some of the Little Things.

A woman tears her dress, or loses a glove, and is at once thrown into a fit of impatience and ill-humour that is of greater harm to her than would be the loss of a dozen gloves or the damaging of a dozen dresses.

A man can start the whole current of a day wrong by losing his temper over a misplaced collar button, expatiating on the lukewarm condition of the coffee, or puffing about in impotent rage as he just misses a city train.

Incongruous though it may seem, it is often just such trifles as these that set our minds in the wrong channel, and sweep us on toward that mental gulf of gloom known as "the blues."

Self-Commiseration.

If you are a woman, sensitive and impressionable, some trifling annoyance may fret you, and cause you to feel out of sorts. Instead of cutting off at once from this undesirable current, you allow yourself to indulge a little in self-commiseration. Perhaps a friend calls and chats with you about her recent good fortune. She wants you to rejoice with her in her success. At any other time you would have been glad in her gladness; but, in your present gloomy state of mind, her frank, impulsive words seem to take on the tones of boasting. You smile and congratulate her, but in your heart the words rankle and burn. After she has gone you abandon yourself to "the blues." A

survey of your rooms convinces you that the furniture is unpardonably shabby; a glance through your wardrobe discloses glaring faults in the cut of even your latest gowns; your mirror tells you that you are looking jaded and worn. You feel suddenly hurt and ill-treated. You decide that life is against you. As the day progresses, every little incident adds to your forlorn and hopeless view of life. A sight of your friends driving in their new trap accentuates the ill-feeling you have against the fortunate possessors of this world's goods. You decide that it is only the dishonest who can succeed in the world. By night-time you have concluded that life is not worth living.

Schedule Your Moods.

Many of us would receive a genuine shock of surprise were we to write a schedule of our moods and their causes. Try it some time, and see if the revelation does not shame you!

On the other hand, there are the serious things—the sorrows, the heavy trials of life—how can we face these serenely?

To Face the Real Troubles.

Man, or woman, you must meet this. You are out of work. You have made effort after effort, and failed. You struggle against the onslaught of despair that attacks you anew after each repeated failure. It is hard not to give up! Yes, but remember that it is at just such a time as this that you actually cannot afford to give up. Your thought-forces are your capital. You do not waste them by drawing recklessly upon them in a mood of despondency. A hopeful, courageous state of mind is indispensable to you—more important than money. You think money is what you want, but it is not. What you really want is perfect control of your thought-forces. That will bring money and every desirable thing. If you can restrain your thought that each new revelation only makes your determination stronger, you have gained a mighty force—invisible but none the less potent—a magic quality of greater value to you than millions.

[Cut out this page and send it to a friend who is suffering from "the blues."]

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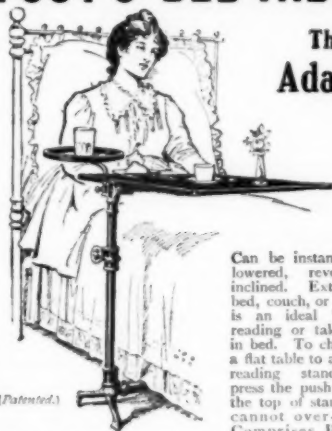
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SIR HIRAM MAXIM some years ago made several journeys to Nice and other well-known health resorts, and further consulted a number of specialists with regard to his own Bronchitis and Throat trouble.

Sir Hiram Maxim realises that there are many who cannot visit such resorts or consult such specialists. He is therefore anxious to bring to the knowledge of those so situated his invention, which has proved of signal value in relieving his own Bronchitis and Throat affection. Those interested will please address him personally for particulars:—Sir Hiram Maxim, Dept. 75, 377, Norwood Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.

THE IMPORTANCE OF DRESS

SMART attire in ample variety depends not only on the choice of clothes, but on the care taken of them. Expensive garments soon become creased and soiled, and require renovation, and to risk them in the hands of an inexperienced firm is false economy. Messrs. Campbell, of "The Perth Dye Works," have a century's reputation for high-class dry-cleaning and dyeing, and can be confidently recommended. By their system of dry-cleaning the most elaborate dresses can be cleaned without being unpicked, without risk of injury to the most fugitive colour, and without shrinking.

Messrs. Campbell make a speciality of gentlemen's clothing. Suits are dry-cleaned, tailor-pressed, repaired (if desired) and returned ready for wearing.

"The Perth Dye Works" are fully equipped for renovating house furnishings, and have special appliances for cleaning and tinting starched curtains. The stiffening is regulated to attain the greatest durability consistent with graceful draping.

Curtains in silk or wool are cleaned whole by the French chemical process (*Nettoyage à sec*). If faded, they can be re-dyed, or dyed an entirely different colour, to harmonise with their surroundings.

Window blinds calendered by Campbells' long retain their high finish, and can be relied on to run evenly on the rollers.

The reasonableness of the charges can be seen by consulting the new catalogue, which can be had post free from "P. & P. Campbell, Perth."

THE SHOE THAT WON'T WEAR OUT

MOTHERS have, for years innumerable, been searching for little shoes that will not wear out; but, up to the present, the quest has been disappointing. The nearest attempt ever made, by a manufacturer, to meet the almost universal demand for such a shoe must be credited to Messrs. H. Truswell and Co., 13, Alexandra Road, Manchester, who are now absolutely guaranteeing the wear of the soles of their "Little Fairy" shoes, and go so far as to promise to replace any worn-out soles that are returned to them. The prices of this wonderful footwear are 2s. 11d., 3s. 11d., and 4s. 11d., according to size. The shoe is excellently modelled, and the uppers are in tan or black glacé kid of finest quality—or in white buckskin.

WINC-A-DEEN

WINC-A-DEEN is the quaint name chosen by Messrs. Patrick Thomson, Ltd., of Edinburgh, to designate their special make of Scotch wincey. The season's patterns of Winc-a-deen are just to hand, and are particularly attractive. The designs most in favour are fine stripes on a

cream ground, and the effect is at once neat and stylish.

Winc-a-deen is a plain-woven fabric, soft as fine flannel, and with a beautifully smooth resisting surface. It washes admirably, the colour being perfectly fast, and the fibres of the material so intimately woven together that shrinkage is almost impossible. The designs of Winc-a-deen are so dainty and neat that they are especially suitable for little children's winter shirts, blouses, petticoats or nightgowns; while for boys and men's pyjama ladies' shirt-blouses, and nightdresses, no fabric could be more cosy and durable. The price of Winc-a-deen is from 1s. 4½d. to 1s. 11½d. per yard, 30 inches wide, and patterns will gladly be sent on return of post, if request for same is forwarded to Messrs. Patrick Thomson, together with a mention of this magazine.

NEW FABRICS FOR THE SEASON

MESSRS. HARTLEY AND CO., Stanningley Road, Leeds, are showing a remarkably attractive variety of winter fabrics, at prices which are sure to command notice. Their new ranges of tweeds and flannel cloths are particularly smart, both in tone and finish, the "Wondrus" costume serge, 42 inches wide, at 1s. 6d. per yard, showing all the new shades in a fabric that is ideal for school or country wear. Motor coats, made to measure in delightfully thick and fleecy blanket-cloth, are only 31s. 6d., and readers who meditate the purchase of a new wrap-coat cannot do better than write to Messrs. Hartley for patterns and designs.

Another very special feature is the new range of Molletons, at 7½d. and 9½d. per yard. The designs are really charming, and the fabric is ideal for winter dressing-gowns and dressing-jackets. Messrs. Hartley will gladly send a full range of patterns to any reader who makes request, mentioning this magazine.

THE CHILDREN'S HAIR

MOTHERS should be particularly careful to keep their children's hair perfectly clean and healthy, and by such simple means they go far towards securing a really luxuriant growth of hair in early maturity.

While the little folks are attending school, it is undoubtedly wise to make occasional use of Rankin's Ointment, which is absolutely free from insoluble particles, and is, therefore, quickly absorbed by the hair and scalp. Its action is most beneficial, for it not only kills every form of parasite, but quickly clears the hair of nits and dandruff, and it also nourishes and strengthens the hair roots, and cleanses and stimulates the scalp. This excellent ointment is obtainable from all chemists at 3d., 6d., and 1s. per box., and is prepared solely by Messrs. Rankin and Co., Kilmarnock, N.B.

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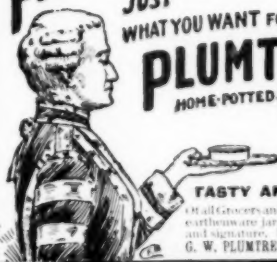
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